FRONTISPIECE.

Governess Pa.144

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THE GOVERNESS;

OR,

EVENING AMUSEMENTS,

AT

A Boarding School.

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CONTENTS.

	Page
ALMALIC and Hassan; or, the Road to Happiness. — — —	4
The English Merchant — —	20
Hassan, king of Golconda — —	29
Luxury —— —— ——	42
On Reproof — — —	47
The Three Little Fishes — —	51
The School of Adversity — —	59
Benevolence of an Emperor of China	89
The Penitent — — —	92
The Surrender of Calais ——	96
The Water of Folly — —	113
The Nature and Consequences of Ingratitude —— —— ——	117
The Folly of Discontent — —	133
The Dispensations of Providence	141

Story of the Grand Duke of Tuscany 151
The Florist and Bull-Bull —— 154
Haroun Abraschid — — 157
The Man of Spleen; or, the unexpected transition — — — 162
Zaphna — — — 176
The happiness of a Virtuous Life 180
An Oriental Fable — — 187
An Allegorical, Eastern Story — 193
The Friends — — — 200
Revenge, an Apologue — — 207
Gratitude — — — 209
Fatima — — — 214
Zemroude — — — 216

THE

GOVERNESS.

IN a pleaſant but retired ſituation, at the extremity of a healthy village, reſided Mrs. Corbet, who ſince the death of her huſband (the late rector of the pariſh) had been neceſſitated to exert thoſe talents ſhe poſſeſſed both from nature and education, in the inſtruction of a ſtated number of pupils, whom ſhe conſidered rather as her children than her ſcholars, and in whoſe improvement all her wiſhes were now concentered. She ſhared their pleaſures, ſoftened their anxieties, rewarded their virtues, puniſhed their errors:—but her puniſhments were by no

means after the uſual mode; the aggreſſors were neither denied their meals, nor put to ſtudy leſſons whoſe length gave them a hatred to learning; they were ſimply debarred the company of their mates, and excluded the pleaſurable ſociety that commonly drew round the governeſs on the cloſe of evening, to liſten to the inſtructive tales which ſhe frequently gratified them by relating. The number of her pupils were twelve, namely

Miſs Charlotte Selwyn, aged fifteen.
Miſs Lucy Selwyn, her ſiſter, three years younger.
Miſs Mary Ulſter, fourteen.
Miſs Frances Wharton, thirteen.
Miſs Jane Baldwin, eleven.
Miſs Caroline Beaver, ten.
Miſs Harriet Bennet, likewiſe ten.
Miſs Emma Calcraſt, nine.
Miſs Ann Seagoe, eight.
Miſs Eliza Melville, ſeven.
Miſs Sophia Wentworth, ſeven.
Miſs Maria Sawbridge, ſix.

On a frosty winter evening, having performed their exercises to the satisfaction of their governess, and played until they were almost weary, they drew round the chearful fire, where she was sitting, contemplating with pleasure on their innocent mirth and sprightly activity, and whispering for some time, at length sent Miss Bennet with a request to their governess. A short curtesy preluded her speech—"Ah, Madam," said she, "if you would be so good as to tell us one of those pretty stories that used to delight us, you know not how much we shall all be obliged to you."

"Willingly my love," returned she, "on this condition;—that you all give me in future as much satisfaction as you have done to-day. I will then relate to you the tale of Almalic and Hassan, or the Road to Happiness."

FIRST EVENING

ALMALIC AND HASSAN,

OR

THE ROAD TO HAPPINESS.

OMAR the hermit of the mountain Aubukabis, which riſes on the eaſt of Mecca, and overlooks the city, found one evening a man ſitting penſive and alone, within a few paces of his cell. Omar regarded him with attention, and perceived that his looks were wild and haggard, and that his body was feeble and emaciated: the man alſo ſeemed to gaze ſtedfaſtly on Omar, but ſuch was the diſtraction of his mind, that his eye did not immediately take cognizance of

of its object. In the moment of recollection he ſtarted as from a dream, covered his face in confuſion, and bowed himſelf to the ground.

"Son of affliction," ſaid Omar, "who art thou, and what is thy diſtreſs?" "My name," replied he, "is Haſſan, and I am a native of this city: the angel of adverſity has laid his hand upon me; and the wretch whom thine eye compaſſionates, thou canſt not deliver."—"To deliver thee," ſaid Omar, "belongs to him only, from whom we ſhould receive with humility both good and evil; yet hide not thy life from me; for the burden which I cannot remove, I may at leaſt enable thee to ſuſtain," Haſſan fixed his eyes upon the ground, and remained ſome time ſilent; then fetching a deep ſigh, he looked upon the hermit, and thus complied with his requeſt.

"It is now ſix years, ſince our mighty

lord Caliph Almalic, whoſe memory is bleſſed, firſt came privately to worſhip in the temple of the holy city. The bleſſings which he petitioned of the prophet, as the prophet's vicegerent, e was diligent to diſpenſe; in the intervals of his devotion, therefore, he went about the city, relieving diſtreſs and reſtraining oppreſſion: the widow ſmiled under his protection, and the weakneſs of age and infancy was ſuſtained by his bounty. I, who dreaded no evil but ſickneſs, and expected no good beyond the reward of my labour, was ſinging at my work, when Almalic entered my dwelling. He looked round with a ſmile of complacency; perceiving that though it was mean it was neat, and that though it was poor I appeared to be content. As his habit was that of a pilgrim, I haſtened to receive him with ſuch hoſpitality as was in my power; and my cheerfulneſs was rather increaſed than reſtrained by his preſenſe.

ſence. After he had accepted ſome coffee he aſked me many queſtions, and though by my anſwers I always endeavoured to excite him to mirth, yet I perceived that he grew thoughtful, and eyed me with a placid but fixed attention. I ſuſpected that he had ſome knowledge of me, and therefore enquired his country and his name."

"Haſſan," ſaid he, "I have raiſed thy curioſity and it ſhall be ſatisfied; he who now talks with thee is Almalic the ſovereign of the faithful, whoſe ſeat is the throne of Medina, and whoſe commiſſion is from above." Theſe words ſtruck me dumb with aſtoniſhment, though I had ſome doubt of their truth: but Almalic throwing back his garment, diſcovered the peculiarity of his veſt, and put the royal ſignet upon his finger. I then ſtarted up, and was about to proſtrate myſelf before him, but he prevented me. "Haſſan," ſaid he,

" forbear: thou art greater than I, and from thee I have at once derived humility and wiſdom." I anſwered,—" Mock not thy ſervant, who is but a worm before thee; life and death are in thy hand, and happineſs and miſery are the daughters of thy will." " Haſſan," he replied, " I can no otherwiſe give life or happineſs than by not taking them away: thou art thyſelf beyond the reach of my bounty, and poſſeſſed of felicity which I can neither communicate nor obtain. My influence over others fills my boſom with perpetual ſolicitude and anxiety; and yet my influence over others extends only to their vices, whether I would reward or puniſh. By the bow ſtring I can repreſs violence and fraud; and by the delegation of power, I can transfer the inſatiable wiſhes of avarice and ambition from one object to another: but with reſpect to virtue, I am impotent; if I could reward it, I would reward it in thee

thee. Thou art content, and haſt therefore neither avarice nor ambition: to exalt thee, it would deſtroy the ſimplicity of thy life, and diminiſh that happineſs which I have no power either to increaſe or continue." He then roſe up, and commanding me not to diſcloſe his ſecret, departed.

As ſoon as I recovered from the confuſion and aſtoniſhment in which the Caliph left me, I began to regret that my behaviour had intercepted his bounty; and accuſed that cheerfulneſs of folly, which was the concomitant of poverty and labour. I now repined at the obſcurity of my ſtation, which my former inſenſibility had perpetuated; I neglected my labour, becauſe I deſpiſed the reward; I ſpent the day in idleneſs, forming romantic projects to recover the advantages which I had loſt; and at night, inſtead of loſing myſelf in that ſweet ſleep, from which I uſed to riſe with new health, cheerfulneſs, and vigour,

I dreamt of ſplendid habits and a numerous retinue, of gardens, palaces, eunuchs and women, and waked only to regret the illuſions that had vaniſhed. My health was at length impaired by the inquietude of my mind; I ſold all my moveables for ſubſiſtence, and reſerved only a matraſs, upon which I ſometime lay from one night to another.

In the firſt moon of the following year, the Caliph came again to Mecca, with the ſame ſecrecy, and for the ſame purpoſes. He was willing once more to ſee the man, whom he conſidered as deriving felicity from himſelf. But he found me not ſinging at my work, ruddy with health, and vivid with cheerfulneſs; but pale and dejected, ſitting on the ground, and chewing opium, which contributed to ſubſtitute the phantoms of imagination for the realities of greatneſs. He entered with a kind of joyful impatience in his countenance, which

which the moment he beheld me, was changed to a mixture of wonder and pity. I had often wiſhed for another opportunity to addreſs the Caliph; yet I was confounded at his preſence, and throwing myſelf at his feet, I laid my hand upon my head, and was ſpeechleſs. "Haſſan," ſaid he, "what canſt thou have loſt, whoſe wealth was the labour of thy own hands; and what can have made thee ſad, the ſpring of whoſe joy was in thy own boſom? what evil hath befallen thee? ſpeak, and if I can remove it, thou art happy." I was now encouraged to look up; and I replied,—"Let my lord forgive the preſumption of his ſervant, who rather than utter a falſhood would be dumb for ever. I am become wretched by the loſs of that I never poſſeſſed: thou haſt raiſed wiſhes which indeed I am not worthy thou ſhouldeſt ſatisfy; but why ſhould it be thought, that he who was happy in obſcurity and

indigence, would not have been rendered more happy by eminence and wealth?"

When I finiſhed this ſpeech, Almalic ſtood ſome moments in ſuſpenſe, and I continued proſtrate before him. "Haſſan," ſaid he, "I perceive not with indignation but regret, that I miſtook thy character: I now diſcover avarice and ambition in thy heart, which lay torpid only becauſe their objects were too remote to rouſe them. I cannot therefore inveſt thee with authority, becauſe I would not ſubject my people to oppreſſion; and becauſe I would not be compelled to puniſh thee for crimes which I firſt enabled thee to commit. But as I have taken from thee that which I cannot reſtore, I will at leaſt gratify the wiſhes I excited, leaſt thy heart accuſe me of injuſtice, and thou continue a ſtranger to thyſelf. Ariſe, therefore, and follow me." I ſprang from the ground as it were with the wings of an eagle; I kiſſed the hem

of

of his garment in an extaſy of gratitude and joy; and when I went out of my houſe, my heart leapt as if I had eſcaped from the den of the lion. I followed Almalic to the caravanſera in which he lodged; and after he had fulfilled his vows, he took me with him to Medina. He gave me an apartment in the Seraglio; I was attended by his own ſervants; my proviſions were ſent from his own table; and I received every week a ſum from his treaſury, which exceeded the moſt romantic of my expectations. But I ſoon diſcovered that no dainty was ſo taſteful, as the food to which labour procured an appetite; no ſlumbers ſo ſweet, as thoſe which wearineſs invited; and no time ſo well enjoyed, as that in which diligence is expecting it's reward. I remembered theſe enjoyments with regret; and while I was ſighing in the midſt of ſuperfluities, which though they encumbered life, yet I could not give up, they were ſuddenly taken away.

Almalic, in the midſt of the glory of his kingdom, and in the full vigour of his life, expired ſuddenly in the bath; ſuch thou knoweſt was the deſtiny which the Almighty had written upon his head.

His ſon Aubübeker, who ſucceeded to the throne, was incenſed againſt me, by ſome who regarded me with contempt; and he ſuddenly withdrew my penſion, and commanded that I ſhould be expelled from the palace; a command which my enemies executed with ſo much rigour, that within twelve hours I found myſelf in the ſtreets of Medina, indigent and friendleſs, expoſed to hunger and deriſion, with all the habits of luxury, and all the ſenſibility of pride. O! let not thy heart deſpiſe me, thou whom experience has not taught, that it is miſery to loſe that which it is not happineſs to poſſeſs. O! that for me, this leſſon had not been written on the tables of providence! I have travelled from

from Medina to Mecca, but I cannot fly from myſelf. How different are the ſtates in which I have been placed! the remembrance of both is bitter; for the pleaſure of neither can return."

Haſſan having thus ended his ſtory, ſmote his hands together; and looking upward, burſt into tears.

Omar, having waited till his agony was paſt, went to him; and taking him by the hand,—"my ſon," ſaid he, "more is yet in thy power than Almalic could give, or Aububeker take away. The leſſon of thy life the prophet has in mercy appointed me to explain.

"Thou waſt once content with poverty and labour, only becauſe they were become habitual, and eaſe and affluence were placed beyond thy hope; for when eaſe and affluence approached thee, thou waſt content with poverty and labour no more. That which then became the object was alſo the

bound of thy hope; and he whoſe utmoſt hope is diſappointed muſt inevitably be wretched. If thy ſupreme deſire had been the delights of Paradiſe, and thou hadſt believed that by the tenor of thy life theſe delights had been ſecured, as more could not have been given thee, thou wouldeſt have more patiently waited for the moment of death. The content which was once enjoyed was but the lethargy of the ſoul; and the diſtruſt which is now ſuffered will but quicken it to action. Depart, therefore, and be thankful for all things; put thy truſt in Him, who alone can gratify the wiſh of reaſon, and ſatisfy the ſoul with good: fix thy hope upon that portion, in compariſon of which the world is as a drop of the bucket, and the duſt of the balance. Return, my ſon, to thy labour; thy food ſhall be again taſteful, and thy reſt ſhall be ſweet: to thy content will alſo be added ſtability, when it depends not upon

upon that only which is poſſeſſed upon earth, but upon that which is expected in heaven."

Haſſan, upon whoſe mind the angel of inſtruction impreſſed the counſel of Omar, haſtened to proſtrate himſelf in the temple of the prophet. Peace dawned upon his mind like the radiance of the morning: he returned to his labour with cheerfulneſs; his devotion became fervent and habitual; and the latter days of Haſſan were happier than the firſt.

The tale being ended, Miſs Baldwin, looking up to the face of her tutoreſs, ſaid, "pray madam, what was the reaſon of Haſſan's ſitting on the ground and chewing opium."

"Chewing that herb, my love," replied Mrs, Corbett, "is more frequent in Turkey, than the uſe of tobacco in England,

and as by their religion wine is denied them, they frequently intoxicate themſelves with this drug. Sitting on the ground is likewiſe the cuſtom of the country." "Thank you madam," ſaid the little prattler, "I beg pardon for being ſo inquiſitive." "You have no reaſon my dear, for believe me I feel pleaſure in your remarks, and ſhall always be ready to anſwer whatever queſtions any of you (looking round her,) may propoſe to me in conſequence of the ſtories related."

Mrs. Corbet now diſmiſſed her young auditors, though not till they had exhorted a promiſe from her, of indulging them the next evening; either by recounting, or reading, a tale that ſhe purpoſed ſhould equally tend to their entertainment and edification. Accordingly at ſeven o'clock (the time appointed,) the good governeſs joined her young pupils, whoſe little hearts were exhilirated with cheerfulneſs, at the

condeſcenſion

condeſcenſion of their worthy preceptreſs, who as ſoon as they were ſeated, read them the following tale.

SECOND

SECOND EVENING.

The ENGLISH MERCHANT.

A TALE.

IN my return from the Indies, I had ſome affairs with a Spaniſh merchant, and, while I was managing in one of their ſea-ports, there came a Spaniſh corſair, who had taken a rich Turkiſh prize, with ſeveral Turks and Moors priſoners, whom he offered to ſell as ſlaves: I never had any traffick of this kind, from any view of intereſt, but from a motive of compaſſion I had purchaſed liberty for many a miſerable wretch, to whom I gave freedom the moment I paid his ranſom. Among the

the captives newly taken, there was one diſtinguiſhed by the richneſs of his habit, and more by the gracefulneſs of his port: He drew all my attention, of which he appeared ſenſible, and ſtill directed his looks to me: Our ſouls ſeemed to greet one another, as if their intimacy had been of long ſtanding, and commenced in ſome pre-exiſtent period. There was ſomething in the air of this young ſtranger ſuperior to adverſity, and yet ſenſible of the preſent diſadvantage of his fate; while I felt for him an emotion, ſoft as the ties of nature, and could not but impute it to the ſecret impreſſion of ſome intelligent power, which was leading me to a height of generoſity beyond my own intention; and by an impulſe of virtue on my ſoul, directing it to the accompliſhment of ſome diſtant and unknown deſign of Providence; the heavenly inſtigation came with a prevailing force, and I could not but obey its dictates.

The

The price ſet on this captive was extravagantly high, and ſuch as would be a vaſt diſadvantage to my preſent affairs to part with: however I liſtened to the gentle monitor within, and paid the corſair his full demands. As ſoon as I had conducted the youth to my lodgings, I told him he was free; the price I had paid was for his friendſhip and liberty. "Then you have confined me," replied the gentle ſtranger, "by the moſt laſting engagements; I might have broke through any other reſtraint; but I am now your voluntary ſlave, and dare truſt you with a ſecret unknown to the Spaniards. My name is Orramel, the ſon of a wealthy Baſſa in Conſtantinople, and you may demand what you pleaſe for my ranſom." "You will ſoon be convinced," ſaid I, "there was no mercenary intention in this action; the amity I have for you is noble and diſintereſted; it was kindled by a celeſtial ſpark, an emanation from

from the divine clemency, and terminates in nothing below your immortal happineſs: and were you inclined to examine thoſe ſacred truths which would lead you to that felicity, and to ſhare my fortune in a free and happy nation, the wealth of the Indies ſhould not buy you from my affection; but if it is your choice to return to the cuſtoms and religion of your country, you are abſolutely free without attending to any terms for your releaſe." With a friendly, but dejected look, he told me, it was impoſſible for him to diſpenſe with his filial obligations to an indulgent parent; but he poſitively refuſed his freedom, till he had given intelligence, and received an anſwer from his father; which he ſoon had with a carte blanche to me, on which I might make my own demands for his ſon's ranſom. I returned it with no other terms, but the liberty of all the chriſtian ſlaves he had in his poſſeſſion; hoping, by this diſintereſted

conduct

conduct, to leave a conviction on the mind of my young friend in favour of chriſtianity. It was ſome months after he was gone, before I could finiſh my negotiation in Spain, but as ſoon as they were diſpatched, I embarked for Holland. We had not been a week at ſea, before the ſhip was taken by a Turkiſh pirate, and all the men in it carried to Conſtantinople to be ſold as ſlaves: My lot fell to a maſter from whom I was like to find moſt barbarous treatment; however, I was reſolved to endure my bondage, till I could give intelligence to my friends in England to procure my ranſom; for I was fixed on this, that no hardſhip ſhould reduce me to give Orramel an account of my diſtreſs till I was again in circumſtances not to need his kindneſs, nor expect a retaliation of my own. But heaven had kinder intentions by bringing me into this adverſity, nor left me long without redreſs. As I was talking in a public place

to

to one of my fellow ſlaves, Orramel came by; he paſſed beyond me, but inſtantly returning, looked on me with great attention, till ſome melting ſorrow dropped from his eyes. When making enquiry of ſome that were near to whom I belonged, without ſpeaking a word to me, he flew to my new maſter, paid his demand for my ranſom, and immediately conducted me to his houſe, where he welcomed me with the warmeſt marks of affection. He ſpoke—he pauſed —and was in the greateſt perplexity to find language ſuitable to the ſentiments of his ſoul. "My brother!" ſaid he,—"my friend —or if there are more ſacred ties in nature and virtue, let me call you by ſome gentler appellation: We are now united by the bands of celeſtial amity, one in the ſame holy faith, and hopes of a glorious immortality. Your charity reſcued me from a worſe than Spaniſh ſlavery; from the bondage of vice and ſuperſtition; your conduct baniſhed my prejudices

prejudices to the chriſtian name, and made way for the entrance of thoſe heavenly truths to which I now aſſent. But this is a ſecret even to my own domeſtics, and whether ſuch a caution is criminal I am not able to determine.

With what rapture, with what attention did I liſten to this language! I bleſſed the accents that told me my friend, my Orramel, had embraced the Chriſtian faith: an Angel's ſong would have been leſs melodious; I looked upward, and with a grateful elevation of mind, gave the glory to the ſupreme diſpoſer of all human events. The illuſtrious Orramel made it his joy, his ſtudy, to evidence his affection; he told me his father died ſince we parted in Spain, and that he had left five daughters, which he had by ſeveral of his wives; he offered me the choice of his ſiſters, if I had any thoughts of marriage, and promiſed a dowry with her to my own content. One of them, he ſaid,

was

was privately bred a Chriſtian by her mother, a woman of Armenia: I was pleaſed with the propoſal, and impatient to ſee my fair miſtreſs. In the mean time he made me a preſent of ſeveral rich habits, and two negroes to attend me. The next day he conducted me to a fair ſummer houſe, whither he ſent for his ſiſters; who were all ſo handſome, that I was diſtreſſed with my own liberty, nor knew where to chuſe, had not a principle of piety determined me to the young Armenian; who was not ſuperior in beauty to the reſt, but there was a decorum in her behaviour, which the others wanted. She had more of the modeſty and politeneſs of the European women, to whom you know I was always partial. My choice was fixed, and the more I converſed with my fair miſtreſs, the more reaſon I found to approve it. We were privately married by a chaplain belonging to the Britiſh envoy. My generous friend gave her a fortune

tune, which abundantly repaid all my loſſes; and after a proſperous voyage, I ſafely landed in Holland. I have ſent you this relation as a memorial of my gratitude to heaven, whoſe clemency has returned me more than meaſure for meaſure, and largely recompenſed that liberality it firſt inſpired.

A good action, my dear pupils, ſeldom gees without a recompenſe, and though it even ſhould fail in this tranſitory ſtate, is ſure of a permanent reward from that power from whom none of our actions are hidden. —But as it is not yet late, and you have acted with great diligence in your ſchool duties, I will relate to you the Tale, of Haſſan, King of Golconda.

HASSAN

HASSAN

KING OF GOLCONDA.

AN EASTERN TALE.

IT is the peculiar province of wiſdom to examine with the greateſt attention whatever offers itſelf, as fit either to be done or to be avoided. Haſſan king of Golconda followed this excellent maxim in the moſt difficult conjuncture that can employ the thoughts of an earthly monarch.

This king, who was six score years old, was deſirous of reſigning his empire, and finiſhing his glorious reign, by the choice of a worthy ſucceſſor. He had three ſons by three different women, who were all living; each of them pleaded in behalf of her

her own ſon; ſo that the king, who was equally a good huſband and a good father, wavered in the moſt cruel uncertainty. What ſhall I reſolve on? ſaid he to himſelf: the laws declare for the eldeſt; my favourite ſultana pleads for the ſecond, and I myſelf incline for the youngeſt. O too lovely ſultaneſs; I have felt the effects of your ſweet and alluring looks! O thou weak nature, that yieldeſt to my love! But neither of you ſhall triumph over the laws; I will die on the throne, that, after my death, the laws may decide the controverſy. But what? The laws will decide nothing; a cruel war will be kindled between my children; my people will be the victims of their ambition; and I owe all to my people. O beauteous ſultaneſs! I ought to ſacrifice you, myſelf, and whatever elſe is dear to me, to the good of my ſubjects: I will therefore leave them at liberty to chuſe themſelves a ſovereign.

After

After theſe reflections, he aſſembled his viziers, the nobles, and the people. I have, ſaid he to them, one foot on the throne and the other in the grave; but I would, if it were poſſible, not go down into the abyſs of eternity with the crown on my head; its weight oppreſſes and weighs me down. I reſign it to you; chuſe for yourſelves a maſter. At theſe words there appeared in all their looks a profound ſadneſs. The people cried out with one voice, "Live, long live the king, our father and our friend!" "Be not ſo much concerned," interrupted the king: "you are my bowels; you can ſuffer nothing, but I muſt feel ſo great a pain as would ſhorten my days." At this they redoubled their cries, and the aged monarch himſelf could not refrain from tears. "Think no more," ſaid he, "on what you are going to loſe; but conſider what you have ſtill left. The princes my children have all the qualities that make men great;

great; proclaim which of them you think moſt worthy to poſſeſs the throne I reſign."

A profound ſilence ſucceeded their ſighs and lamentations. The whole aſſembly caſt their eyes on the throne, and ſaw the three princes ſitting on the ſteps. They admired each of them; and not liking one more than the other, no man could determine which to chuſe. Then the prime vizier approached the throne, and ſpoke in this manner: "O wiſe and valiant king! may he, who draws light out of darkneſs, and from the horrors of the night produces a glorious and delightful morning, keep you in his holy care, and perpetuate your poſterity! Receive with your accuſtomed goodneſs the advice of your faithful ſlave: let each of your three ſons reign three days only, and we will determine afterwards, ſince your majeſty is pleaſed to give us leave. Our choice then will be founded on judgment; for men are known, when they are in high fortune

fortune, and in wine. The man is truly wiſe, whom neither the one nor the other of them can corrupt?

This advice of the grand Vizier was followed, and prevailed over the ſubtle inſinuations of his three wives, who ſaw all their ſolicitations rendered vain, and their projects confounded.

Accordingly, the eldeſt Prince was cloathed in purple, and took the ſceptre of government into his hand. His mother counſelled him to be affable and liberal, not to alter the form of government, and to pardon criminals. "By this means, ſaid ſhe, you will have all the empire for you, the king, the nobles, and the people."

Inſtructions grounded on ſuch principles ſeemed to promiſe a happy iſſue. The Prince followed them exactly; but his conduct appeared ſtudied and affected, which occaſioned ſome diſtruſt.

The three days of his reign being expired, the

the ſecond Prince aſcended the throne. His mother gave him oppoſite inſtructions: "Depoſe, ſaid ſhe, the Vizirs; baniſh the doctors of the law; raiſe to the higheſt dignities men of ambitious minds, who, to keep their employments, will vote you the throne; and, when you are well ſettled in it, we will recal the Vizirs and the doctors, whoſe fidelity the riches which thy ambitious miniſters ſhall have amaſſed, will ſerve to regain and to reanimate their zeal.

This mode was followed; but the people dreaded the worſt that could happen from a Prince who pretended to the crown, and gave himſelf ſo little trouble to deſerve it.

The king's third ſon took upon him, in his turn, the ſovereign authority. He would have no advice from his mother: "For though, ſaid he, I have an infinite reſpect for my mother, and even believe that ſhe would give me no advice but what is found-

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ed on reaſon, it would be, at beſt, but ſuperfluous. The laws are what I will obſerve; and what is dark and intricate in them our wiſe Vizirs, and learned doctors, all of whom I reſtore to their employments, will help me to interpret."

Afrer he had ſpent the firſt day and part of the ſecond in appointing good judges for the people, and old and prudent officers over the ſoldiers, the king, his father, ſent ſome of his doctors to examine and put queſtions to him in public, and to know if he underſtood the laws and the art of reigning. One of the doctors.—"What perſons has a king abſolute need of, to be near his perſon? "He has need," anſwered the prince, "of eight ſorts: of a prudent Vizir; of a general; of a good ſecretary, who underſtands and can write perfectly well the languages of the eaſt; of a phyſician conſummate in the art of healing, and in the knowledge of remedies;

of

of learned doctors to inſtruct him throughly in the laws; of derviſes capable of explaining to him the obſcure points of his religion; and of muſicians, who, by the ſweetneſs of their voices, and the harmony of their inſtruments, may call back his ſpirits, that ſhall have been diſſipated by the application he hath given to affairs of ſtate." Another doctor ſaid to him: Prince, to what do you here compare an emperor, his viceroys, his ſubjects, his empire, and his enemies?" "An empire, anſwered the prince, reſembles a paſture ground; an emperor a ſhepherd; his ſubjects the ſheep; his viceroys the ſhepherd's dogs; and his enemies the wolves."

At theſe anſwers of the young prince, the old King of Golconda burſt into tears of joy, and ſaid within himſelf, "My third ſon is the moſt learned and moſt worthy of the throne; but before I declare my thoughts, I will know the ſentiments of my people."

He

He publiſhed therefore an order for all the inhabitants of the city to appear, the next morning, in the plain without the walls. He himſelf came thither, mounted on a ſtately ſteed, attended by his three ſons and all his courtiers; and when he was in the midſt of the people, he ſpake theſe words "O my faithful ſubjects, my relations, my fellow citizens! Regard not what I am to day; no man is leſs than me in the ſight of that Being who created the univerſe. To morrow, that is, at the day of judgment (which we all believe will come) how many will there be of you, who poſſeſſing high dignities in paradiſe, will rend my garments, and ſay to me, 'Oh! tyrant, what ills didſt thou make us ſuffer, during thy hateful reign! inſtead of anſwering your reproaches, I ſhall remain in a ſhameful ſilence, and not dare to regard your irritated looks." At theſe words the good old monarch hid his face, while floods of tears ran trickling down the furrows of

his aged cheeks. His ſons and his courtiers after his example, alſo dropped tears; and all the people were tranſported with grief and lamentations. At length the hoary monarch wiped away his tears, and proceeded: "O my friends! I am going out of this world, to enter into the palace of eternity; I conjure you to unburthen my conſcience of the things you may have to reproach me with, to the end that I may not be ill treated in my tomb by the evil angels, and that, at their departure, they may leave a daughter of paradiſe to continue with me till the day of judgment: and now chuſe which of my three ſons you pleaſe to ſucceed me."

All the people cried out, "may the days of the king laſt as long as the world endures! We have nothing to reproach him with: may that almighty Being who draws the ſable curtain of the night, and commands the purple rays of the morning to paint the ſummits of the lofty mountains, be as well

ſatisfied

ſatisfied with him, as we are! As to the princes, his ſons, let his majeſty place which of them he pleaſes on the throne, we will readily conſent, and faithfully obey him. But if he abſolutely commands us to tell him which of the three we think moſt worthy to fill his place, we confeſs it is the youngeſt."

After this declaration, the king returned to the city, and, being come to the palace, gave orders for the coronation of the youngeſt prince. Every thing being ready, the aged king took the young prince by the hand, and made him aſcend the throne: "O my ſon, ſaid he, take poſſeſſion of a dignity, which I gladly reſign to you, and wear the crown you ſo well deſerve. But always remember, that you are accountable both to the Lord of nature and your country, for every action of your life. A monarch is born only for the good of his people. Beware of flattery, it is a rock more fatal to princes, than thoſe hid beneath the

ſurface of the waves are to mariners. Fear nothing but your own conſcience, and aim at nothing but the proſperity of the empire. Then ſhall thy throne be eſtabliſhed like the everlaſting mountains, and thy virtues be applauded in the utmoſt regions of the earth. Kings ſhall ſeek thy friendſhip, and ſages drink inſtruction from thy mouth. The merchant ſhall flouriſh under thy protection and the ſtranger ſojourn ſafely under the ſhadow of the laws. The hearts of the widow and orphan ſhall ſing for joy, and the mouth of the infant, in liſping accents, declare thy praiſe." Immediately all the people proclaimed him king, and all the nobles congratulated him on his aſcenſion to the crown, praying the Almighty to ſhower down bleſſings on his reign.

"Ah my dear governeſs," ſaid Miſs Melville, "how much I admire the young prince. But what did the old king mean? was he afraid of ſpirits, that he talked of evil angels?"

"The eaſtern nations, my love, believe that after death they are in the care of good or bad ſpirits, who reward or puniſh them according to their actions while living.—You have too much underſtanding to give into ſo weak an idea as that of ſpirits, though there is undoubtedly as certain a puniſhment for the wicked as there is a reward for the virtuous.—But it grows late, to morrow I will relate to you a Perſian ſtory on Luxury.

THIRD EVENING.

LUXURY,

A PERSIAN STORY.

SCHAH Abbas, at the beginning of his reign, was more luxurious than became ſo great a prince: one might have judged of the vaſtneſs of his empire by the variety of diſhes at his table; ſome were ſent him from the Tigris; ſome from the Euphrates; others from Oxus and the Caſpian ſea. One day when he gave a dinner to his nobles, Mahomet Ali, keeper of the three tombs, was placed next to the beſt diſh of all the feaſt, out of reſpect to the ſanctity of his office; but inſtead of eating heartily, he

he fetched a diſmal groan and began weeping. Schah Abbas, ſurprized at his behaviour, deſired him to explain it to the company; he would fain have been excuſed, but the Sophi ordered him on pain of his diſpleaſure to acquaint him with the cauſe of his diſorder.

Know then, ſaid he, O monarch of the earth, that when I ſaw thy table covered in this manner, it brought to my mind a dream, or rather a viſion which was ſent me from the prophet whom I ſerve. On the ſeventh night of the moon Rhamazan, I was ſleeping under the ſhade of the ſacred tombs, when methought the holy ravens of the ſanctuary bore me up on their wings into the air, and in a few moments conveyed me to the loweſt heavens, where the meſſenger of God, on whom be peace, was ſitting in his luminous tribunal, to receive petitions from the earth. Around him ſtood an infinite throng of animals, of every

ſpecies and quality, which all joined in preferring a complaint againſt the Schah Abbas for deſtroying them wantonly and tyrannically, beyond what any neceſſity could juſtify, or any natural appetite demand.

It was alledged that ten or twelve of them were often murdered to compoſe one diſh for the niceneſs of thy palate; ſome gave their tongues only, ſome their bowels, ſome their fat, others their brains or blood. In ſhort they declared ſuch conſtant waſte was made of them, that unleſs a ſtop was put to it in time, they ſhould periſh entirely by gluttony. The prophet hearing this, bent his brows and ordered ſix vultures to fetch thee alive before him. They inſtantly brought thee to his tribunal, where he commanded thy ſtomach to be opened, to ſee whether it was bigger or more capacious than thoſe of other men; when it was found to be juſt of the common ſize, he permitted all the animals to make repriſals on the body

body of their deſtroyer: but before one in ten thouſand could get at thee, every particle of it was devoured; ſo ill proportioned was the offender to the offence.

This ſtory made ſuch an impreſſion on the Sophi, that he would not ſuffer above one diſh of meat to be brought to his table ever after.

"By this, my dear children, you may learn to avoid the odious vice of gluttony, and that thoſe who give into it, are only worthy to be claſſed with brutes; as inordinate eating or drinking debaſes every nobler ſentiment of the ſoul; and renders us alternately ſtupid, vicious and wicked."

"Tis very early yet madam, ſaid Miſs Beaver, and I hope we have none of us, by any fault, deſerved the puniſhment of being excluded the indulgence you taught us to expect." "I have no fault to find with

any of you, my dear pupils," ſaid Mrs. Corbett, "and ſhall therefore continue to amuſe you till the hour of retirement. I will now relate two inſtances of Reproof, in one little ſtory I lately read."

ON

REPROOF.

"IT requires a certain greatneſs of ſoul to reprove without pride and to receive it without a ſecret indignation. Among private men, it deſtroys friendſhip; and among the great, whoever attempts to undeceive them runs the hazard of their diſpleaſure. Philip of Macedon, whoſe virtues rendered him as conſpicuous as his crown, as he was going on an expedition, was ſtopt by an old woman, who demanded of him to rehear a cauſe in which ſhe had been injured: Go woman, ſaid he, I am not at leiſure: If

you are not at leiſure to do juſtice, replied ſhe, why do you not lay aſide being king? Philip upon this ſtopped, examined the affair, and redreſſed her grievance. A Spaniſh merchant on the coaſt of Africa having been plundered by one of the late Muley Molock's alcades, threatened to demand juſtice, but was obliged to take refuge among the woods. Some months after Muley paſſed that way with his court, the merchant went directly to the road, ſeized the bridle of Muley's horſe, and demanded juſtice againſt the alcade who had wronged him. Muley, aſtoniſhed at his boldneſs, aſked him if he knew who he was? "I know, ſaid the Spaniard, that thou art an emperor of Morocco, and I know therefore that it becometh thee to do me right. Muley called for the Alcade, and finding him guilty, commanded him inſtantly to be beheaded, ordering the merchant to receive a triple recompence out of his effects; and as he was withdrawing, the prince reproached

proached the meanneſs of his courtiers, by ſaying to them, Behold a Man.

True greatneſs is never ſo amiably diſplayed, as when it repreſſes the arrows of adverſity or adminiſters juſtice to the diſtreſſed.

" Your ſtories are very entertaining, my dear governeſs, and you are very good to relate them," ſaid Miſs Sawbridge; but I have ſometimes heard ſuch pretty ſtories of boys and girls, birds and beaſts,—Ah madam! I wiſh you could favour us with one of them.

" I know not," anſwered Mrs Corbett, " whether I can exactly ſuit you, but as you are a very good girl, I will relate one concerning three little fiſhes."

THE

THREE LITTLE FISHES.

A TALE.

ON the ſide of a hill, ran a clear river in which lived three ſilver trouts, the prettieſt little fiſhes that ever were ſeen. Now God took a great liking to theſe ſilver trouts, and let them want for nothing that ſuch little fiſhes could have occaſion for. But two of them grew ſad and diſcontented; the one wiſhed for this thing, and the other for that, and neither of them could take pleaſure in any thing becauſe they were always wanting ſomething they had

had not. You will allow this was very naughty in thoſe two trouts, for God had been exceedingly kind; they had every thing fit for them, and were never debarred what appeared for their good; but inſtead of thanking him for all his care and kindneſs, they blamed him in their own minds for refuſing them any thing their ſilly fancies were ſet upon; in ſhort, there was no end of their wiſhing, and longing, in their hearts, for what they had not; this at laſt ſo provoked the Almighty, that he was reſolved to puniſh them by granting their deſires, and make the folly of thoſe two little ſtubborn trouts, an example to all the fooliſh fiſh in the world.

For this purpoſe he called out to the three ſilver trouts, and told them they ſhould have whatever they wiſhed for.

The eldeſt of theſe trouts was very proud and wanted to be ſet up above all other little fiſhes. "May it pleaſe your Great-

neſs," ſaid he, "I muſt be free to tell you, I do not at all like the way in which you have placed me. Here you have fixed me in a poor narrow and troubleſome river, where I am ſtraitened on the right ſide, and on the left, and can neither get down into the ground, nor up into the air, nor do any one thing I have a mind to. I am not ſo blind but I can ſee how kind and bountiful you can be to others. Your favourite little birds can fly this way, and that, or mount up to the very heavens, and do whatever they pleaſe, becauſe you have given them wings. Give me ſuch wings as you have given them."

His wiſh was granted; he felt the wings growing from either ſide, and in a minute he ſpread them abroad and roſe out of the water: At firſt he found a wonderful pleaſure in being able to fly; he mounted into the air above the clouds, and looked down with ſcorn on all the fiſhes in the world.

He

He now reſolved to travel far and wide; he flew over rivers, and meadows, woods and mountains, till growing faint with hunger and thirſt, his wings began to fail him and he thought it beſt to come down to get ſome refreſhment.

The little fool did not conſider that he was now in a ſtrange country, and many a mile from the ſweet river where he was born and bred; when he came down he happened to light among dry ſands and rocks, where there was not a bit to eat nor a drop to drink: he lay faint and tired, unable to riſe, gaſping, fluttering, and beating himſelf againſt the ſtones, till at length he died in great pain and miſery.

The ſecond ſilver trout, though he was not ſo high minded as the firſt, yet did not want for conceit enough, and was a narrow hearted and ſelfiſh little fiſh, who provided he himſelf was ſafe, did not care what became of all other fiſhes.

"May it pleaſe your Honour," ſaid he, "I don't wiſh, not I, for wings to fly out of the water and to ramble into ſtrange places where I do not know what may become of me: I lived contented and happy enough till the other day, when, as I got under a cool bank from the heat of the ſun, I ſaw a great rope coming down into the water, and it faſtened itſelf I don't know how about the gills of a little fiſh, that was baſking beſide me, and he was lifted out of the water ſtruggling and working in great pain, till he was carried I know not where, quite out of my ſight. I thought in my own mind that this evil ſometime or other might happen to myſelf, my heart trembled within me, and I have been very ſad and diſcontented ever ſince. What I deſire of you is, that you will tell me the meaning of this, and of all the other dangers to which you have ſubjected us poor little mortal fiſhes; for then

then I ſhall have ſenſe enough to take care of my own ſafety, and I am very well able to provide for my own living."

Immediately his underſtanding was enlightened: he knew the nature and meaning of ſnares, nets, hooks, lines, and of all the dangers to which ſuch little trouts could be liable.

At firſt he greatly rejoiced in this knowledge, and ſaid to himſelf, Now ſurely I ſhall be the happieſt of all fiſhes; for, as I underſtand and am forewarned of every miſchief that can come near me, I'm ſure I love myſelf too well, not to keep out of harms way.

From this time forward he took care not to go into any deep holes, for fear that a pike or ſome other huge fiſh might be there, who would make nothing of ſwallowing him at one gulp. He alſo kept away from the ſhallow places, eſpecially in hot weather, leaſt the ſun ſhould dry them up

and

and not leave him water enough to ſwim in. When he ſaw the ſhadow of a cloud coming and moving upon the river; "here are the fiſhermen," ſaid he, "with their nets," and immediately got on one ſide, and ſkulked under the banks, where he kept trembling till the cloud was paſt. Again when he ſaw a fly ſkimming on the water, or a worm coming down the ſtream, he did not dare to bite, however hungry he might be: "no no," ſaid he, "my honeſt friends I am not ſuch a fool as that comes to; go your way and tempt them who know no better, who are not aware that you may ſerve as baits to ſome treacherous hook that lies hid for the deſtruction of thoſe ignorant and ſilly trouts that are not on their guard."

Thus did this over careful trout keep himſelf in continual frights and alarms; and could neither eat, drink, nor ſleep in peace, leaſt ſome miſchief ſhould be at hand.

hand. He daily grew poorer; for he pined away with hunger, and ſighed himſelf to ſkin and bone, till waſted almoſt to nothing with care and melancholy, he at laſt died, (for fear of dying) the moſt miſerable of deaths.

When the youngeſt ſilver trout was aſked what he wiſhed for, "Alas," ſaid this little trout, "you know I am but a very fooliſh and good for nothing fiſh, I don't know what is good or bad for me, and I wonder how I came to be worth bringing into the world. But if I muſt wiſh for ſomething, it is that you would do with me what you think beſt: I ſhall be pleaſed to live or die even juſt as you would have me."

As ſoon as this little ſilver trout had made this prayer in his good and humble heart, God took great care of him becauſe he truſted himſelf wholly to his love and pleaſure, and was always with him: he

he put contentment into his mind and joy into his heart; this little trout ſlept always in peace, and awaked in gladneſs; whether he was full, or hungry, or whatever happened to him, he was ſtill pleaſed and thankful, and was the happieſt of all fiſhes that ever ſwam in any water.

"That is indeed a pretty ſtory, Madam. I will endeavour to be like the good little trout, ſatisfied with what God pleaſes, and then perhaps he will love me as well."

"Never doubt it my dear," replied Mrs. Corbett, "but as we have an hour more, I will read you an Indian ſtory, called the School of Adverſity."

THE SCHOOL OF ADVERSITY.

AN INDIAN STORY.

KALAHAD, a monarch of Indoſtan, reigned glorioufly over a happy people, and ſeemed to want nothing to render his felicity complete, but a ſon to ſway his ſceptre, and perpetuate his virtues. To obtain this happineſs was therefore his conſtant wiſh, and for which he inceſſantly offered up his prayers to the Deity: but for ſome years the ſon ſo earneſtly requeſted was denied. At laſt, as he was one day enjoying the coolneſs of the air in an arbour, erected in a thick grove of citron trees, he fell into

into a ſlumber, and thought he was watering a vaſt cedar, from whoſe root there iſſued a large flame, which devoured all the trees of the adjacent foreſt.

A dream ſo uncommon filled his mind with various conjectures, and rendered him very ſolicitous of knowing what it portended. Accordingly, he ſent for Chimas, his prime miniſter, and the moſt learned of all the ſages of Indoſtan, to explain this viſion. Chimas liſtened with profound attention to his maſter, and, when he had finiſhed the relation, told him he would ſhortly have a ſon; but declined the interpretation of the other particulars until the next day, when all the ſages of the kingdom were ſummoned to attend at the king's palace.

They did not fail to obey the commands of their monarch; and in the midſt of this aſſembly, Chimas confirmed the approaching birth of a prince; but refuſed to explain

plain the meaning of the flame which iſſued from the root of the tree, unleſs the king would promiſe not to be angry at what he was going to reveal. His Majeſty readily gave his royal word not to reſent any thing that might fall from him in explaining this myſterious particular.

Chimas having thus obtained the royal promiſe, addreſſed himſelf in the following manner to his maſter: "Thy reign, O powerful monarch of Indoſtan! hath been bleſſed with every thing thou couldeſt aſk, or thy imagination conceive, except in having a ſon to ſway thy ſceptre, and govern the people of thy extenſive dominions. Now heaven is going to add this gift to all the former, and to convince thee, that the prayers of the virtuous are never offered in vain. But liſten with attention to what I am now going to reveal. This ſon, who will abound in knowledge, and whoſe wiſdom will reſemble the flame that

that at once enlightens and cheriſhes, will prove the ſcourge of his ſubjects, exerciſe every kind of cruelty, and even maſſacre all the learned men of the kingdom; ſo incapable are mortals of knowing what will prove really advantageous to them, and of forming wiſhes to augment their happineſs, unleſs aſſiſted with wiſdom from on high. But his tyranny will not always continue; adverſity, which often teacheth mortals their errors, and turns their feet from the paths of vice to thoſe of virtue, will force him to reflect on his actions, convince him of their enormity, and cauſe a total change in his conduct. Happineſs will again ſmile in every habitation, and ſpread her wings over the deſolated banks of the Ganges. The mouths that uttered the moſt dreadful imprecations on the head of their monarch, ſhall be filled with bleſſings, and the liſping tongues of infants ſhall be employed

ployed in wiſhing him every kind of proſperity.

Such are the decrees of Providence; and ſurely he beſt knows what is moſt proper for the children of men. Therefore, O mighty Halahad, who now filleſt the throne of Indoſtan; and at whoſe footſtool the kings of the Eaſt pay obedience, let not ſorrow fill thy royal breaſt; the miſeries of thy kingdom will not long continue: that Being who formed the univerſe, who cauſeth the ſun to riſe, and the refreſhing ſhowers of rain to fall on the thirſty land, will protect thy people, and teach the ſons of men that thoſe who honour virtue are his peculiar care. Miſery and diſtreſs may indeed, for a ſhort time, ſurround their habitations, but will ſoon be ſucceeded by joy and gladneſs. They will vaniſh at the return of the prince to the paths of virtue, like darkneſs at the appearance of the morning."

The

The king, at hearing this interpretation of his dream, was filled with indignation, and told Chimas, that if he had not given his royal word, that nothing ſhould excite his rage, he would puniſh him with the utmoſt ſeverity. So unexpected an anſwer, induced the ſage to relate the following fable.

" A cat, pinched by hunger, left the houſe where ſhe had long continued, in ſearch of ſuſtenance. After a tedious journey, during which a heavy ſhower of rain had fallen, ſhe diſcovered a rat, lodged in an adjacent rock. She approached him with the greateſt ſigns of ſubmiſſion, and begged him to pity her diſtreſs. She deſcribed in the moſt pathetic terms, and affecting tone of voice, the deplorable condition to which ſhe was reduced, and aſſured him, that notwithſtanding the natural antipathy that exiſted between them, his life ſhould be in no danger. To which the

rat

rat replied, that he could not place any confidence in her fair ſpeeches; and that he was fearful, if he relied on her proteſtations, of falling a victim to her hunger, adding, that he knew how imprudent it would be, to commit the ſheep to the care of the wolf, or bring dry wood too near a large fire. The cat redoubled her entreaties, and made uſe of every argument to remove his fears: ſhe told him, that if he was deſirous of diſarming an enemy, the beſt method was to embrace every opportunity of obliging him, and that a good action never failed of receiving its juſt reward. The rat anſwered, that he ſhould, if he gave credit to her aſſeverations, reſemble a man, who thruſts his hand into the mouth of a viper. But the hypocritical cat continuing to repeat her vows of integrity, and reſuming the plea of hoſpitality, the rat relented. Let me, ſaid he to himſelf, preſerve this poor wretch from deſtruction; let me do good,

good, even to an enemy, though I loſe my life by performing it: the Deity will ſurely protect him who endeavours to imitate his benevolence. Accordingly, he granted the cat admittance; but no ſooner had this perfidious creature recovered her ſtrength, than ſhe flew upon her hoſt, with an intent to deſtroy him. Is this, exclaimed the rat, the manner in which you ratify your oaths? is it thus you requite your benefactor, who commiſerated your diſtreſs, and ſaved you from deſtruction? His exclamations, however, were diſregarded, and he was almoſt expiring, when ſome hounds having eſpied the cat, miſtook her for a fox, fell upon her, tore her to pieces, and delivered the hoſpitable rat.

"Thus, added Chimas, it fares with thoſe who violate their oaths. Juſtice from on high will overtake them; and when they think themſelves ſecure from every danger, the

the fatal blow will be given, and from which it is impoſſible for any mortal to eſcape."

Soon after, Kalahad's conſort proved with child, and at the expiration of the term was delivered of a prince. The whole care of the Indian monarch now was to form, by the aſſiſtance of Chimas, a plan of education for his ſon. And during his infancy, he built a palace for him, conſiſting of three hundred and ſixty apartments, ſelected three of the moſt learned men of his kingdom, and, when the prince was twelve years old, placed him with his tutors in this ſplendid ſtructure. The ſages had ſtrict orders, not to ſhew their royal pupil too much indulgence, nor neglect any thing that might tend to his inſtruction. Over the door of each apartment was written the name of the ſcience he was there to learn, and it was furniſhed with every thing that had a tendency to facilitate the ſtudy of the particular branch of literature to which it was appointed.

Nor was the care of his royal father beſtowed in vain; he improved ſurpriſingly in knowledge, and his application to ſtudy was unbounded. He was conducted once every week to the palace of his father, where the royal pupil was examined in the different branches of ſcience he had ſtudied; and every examination gave the whole court freſh cauſe for wonder and aſtoniſhment. In ſhort, he ſoon equalled his tutors in wiſdom, and his name was famous in every part of the Indies. But this did not ſatisfy his royal father; he was deſirous that his ſon ſhould be publicly examined by Chimas himſelf; and accordingly ſummoned all the vizirs and learned men in his empire, to attend at the palace on the day appointed for this auguſt examination.

Chimas, in order to diſplay the great talents of the prince to advantage, in this grand and ſolemn act, employed all that his great learning and profound wiſdom could

could ſuggeſt. He propoſed an infinite number of queſtions in philoſophy, morality, and politics; and the prince anſwered them with a ſuperiority above all the ſages of the Eaſt. Among other things, Chimas aſked him whether the ſoul underwent any puniſhment, or whether it deſerved any reward; becauſe, in this habitation of clay we diſcover only a violent propenſity to evil? The prince, as an anſwer to this queſtion, propoſed the following fable.

"Two men, the one blind, and the other lame, were placed in a garden to take care of it, and at the ſame time ſtrictly charged not to touch any of the fruit. But as ſoon as the rays of the ſun had ripened them, the cripple was very deſirous of taſting what he was commanded not to touch. An unſurmountable difficulty, however, prevented him from indulging his appetite; the loſs of his limbs rendered it impoſſible for him to climb the trees, or gather any

of

of the fruit; he therefore had recourſe to the blind man for aſſiſtance. The latter was ſurpriſed at the propoſal, and repreſented to him, that he could not conceive how he could aſſiſt him in ſuch an enterprize, as he was deprived of ſight; adding, that as they were both placed in the garden to preſerve the fruit, they would, by plucking what they were ordered to ſecure, ſhamefully diſobey their maſter, and conſequently could expect nothing leſs than the ſevereſt puniſhment. The lame man uſed ſeveral arguments to remove the ſcruples of his companion, and at laſt ſucceeded: when the blind man took him on his ſhoulders and carried him from tree to tree, while the cripple plucked the fruit. They had hardly ſatisfied their appetites, when the maſter came to take a view of his garden, and ſeeing the havock made in the fruit, was highly enraged. The two criminals would fain have excuſed themſelves; the one alledging,

ledging, that for want of limbs it was impoſſible for him to climb the trees, and the other, that, being denied the benefit of ſight, it was abſurd to think he had gathered the fruit. But the maſter was not to be ſo eaſily deceived; he ſoon gave them to underſtand that he was no ſtranger to their ſtratagem, and the excuſe they had formed to elude his enquiries. In ſhort, the fact appeared ſo evident, that they could not deny it, and were both driven from the garden.

"The blind man, continued the prince, is the body, which ſees nothing but through the interpoſition of the ſoul, which, like the lame man, cannot move without the aſſiſtance of the other. The garden is the world, which all men are more or leſs anxious of enjoying. The maſter of the garden is the conſcience, an impartial judge, placed by the deity in the human breaſt, and which continually animates us to purſue the paths

paths of virtue. The agreement made between the blind man and the cripple implies, that the body and ſoul concur together, to do good or evil, and conſequently that they ought to ſhare equally in the rewards, or puniſhments."

Another queſtion aſked by Chimas was, Why the greateſt men are ſometimes guilty of the greateſt exceſſes? To which the prince anſwered by the following apologue.

"A black eagle, ſoaring far above the clouds, thought himſelf ſafe from every danger. But a fowler who had at a diſtance ſeen him aſcend, took him for a kite, and faſtened a piece of fleſh in his nets. The eagle, whoſe great height prevented him from diſcerning the ſnare, when he ſaw the prey, reſolved to poſſeſs it. Accordingly he darted from his height, like an arrow from an Indian bow; ſeized on the prey, but was taken in the ſnare of the fowler, who was ſurpriſed to find an eagle in a net he had ſpread only for ſmall birds." The

The prince having anſwered every queſtion that had been propoſed to him, was deſirous of propoſing ſome himſelf; and accordingly addreſſed ſeveral to the ſagacious Chimas. But all his queſtions, like his anſwers, tended to prove, that his genius, his wiſdom, and underſtanding, were equally admirable. Nor were his queſtions low and puerile: on the contrary they related to the ſublimeſt ſubjects; the creation of the world and of matter; the origin of moral evil; the ſource of the paſſions; the operations of the deity on the human ſoul, and the depravity of nature, were the topics debated.

The exerciſe being ended, the king named his ſon for his ſucceſſor; and when he was eighteen years of age, Kalahad, who found himſelf drawing near his end, reſigned to him his crown, and cauſed him to be publickly acknowledged heir of all his dominions. Nor did he forget to give him, with

his dying breath, the moſt wholeſome advice.

"My ſon," ſaid he, "the angel of death is now approaching, and in a few moments a breathleſs carcaſe will be all that remains of the once powerful Kalahad. Remember, therefore, my ſon, that thou muſt now govern this mighty empire alone. Chimas, whoſe wiſdom, experience, and integrity, I have long known, will give thee the wiſeſt counſel. Liſten, my ſon, to his advice; he will direct thy ſteps, and never ſuffer thee to wander from the paths of virtue. Remember, O youthful monarch of Indoſtan, that thy example will influence multitudes of people, it will conſtitute either their happineſs, or miſery. If thou art careful to direct thy paths by the precepts of reaſon, and to liſten to the dictates of conſcience; if thou art indefatigable in puniſhing oppreſſors, and thoſe who wallow in wickedneſs, and careful to encourage virtue

virtue and merit wherever it be found; then ſhall happineſs dwell in thy palace, treachery ſhall be baniſhed from the empire of Indoſtan, and rebellion ſeek refuge in the dark caverns of the mountains. The tongue of the hoary ſage ſhall bleſs thee, and the ſhepherd, as he tends his flocks in the paſtures of the Ganges, rehearſe the glories of thy reign.

Thus ſhall thy life glide on ſerenely; and when the angel of death receives his commiſſion to put a period to thy exiſtence, thou ſhalt receive the ſummons with tranquility, and paſs, without fear, the gloomy valley that ſeparates time from eternity: for remember, my ſon, this life is nothing more than a ſhort portion of duration, a prelude to another that will never have an end; it is a ſtate of trial, and a period of probations; and as we ſpend it either in the ſervice of virtue or vice, our ſtate in the regions of eternity will be happy or miſerable. Fare-

well, my ſon, I am arrived at the brink of the precipice that divides the regions of ſpirits from thoſe inhabited by mortals; treaſure the inſtructions of thy dying father in thy breaſt; practiſe them, and be happy."

At theſe words the great Kalahad embraced his ſon, and cloſed his eyes for ever. A torrent of tears burſt from the eyes of his attendants, and the whole empire of Indoſtan was filled with ſighs and lamentations for the loſs of a prince, who might be juſtly ſtiled the father of his people.

The young monarch of Indoſtan followed for ſome time the footſteps of his royal father, whoſe virtues ſeemed again to be revived in him. But his paſſions ſoon awoke, and the dangerous abuſe of power, ſo fatal to the monarchs of the eaſt, completed his irregularities. He collected into his Seraglio the moſt celebrated beauties of the eaſt, and ſpent his whole time in their company. Juſtice was no longer adminiſtered,

and

and virtue was baniſhed from the court of Indoſtan.

So amazing a change, alarmed the whole kingdom. The vizirs and cadis aſſembled, and prevailed on the wiſe Chimas to undertake the difficult taſk of rouſing the prince from that lethargy in which he lay, and drive the monſter vice, with all her hateful train from the palace. Chimas well knew the danger that attended ſo daring an experiment, but his love for his country, and his deteſtation of vice though dreſſed in the robes of royalty, prevailed on him to undertake the taſk.

Accordingly the next morning, as ſoon as the early meſſenger of the day had withdrawn the curtains of the eaſt, and adorned the blue mountains with rays of gold, Chimas repaired to the palace, and after great difficulties obtained admittance, and was introduced to the young monarch, who trembled at the ſight of this faithful coun-

ſellor. Such power has virtue over the mind of the profligate, even when ſeated on an eaſtern throne! Chimas addreſſed himſelf to the monarch with that confident freedom, for which he was always remarkable, but took care to interſperſe his diſcourſe with fables, the only veil under which truth could find a paſſage thro' a herd of ſycophant courtiers. He painted in the moſt glaring colours the diſtreſſes of the people, and the confuſion that reigned through the whole empire of Indoſtan, and concluded in the following manner.

"O youthful monarch, liſten to the advice of one who is more deſirous of thy happineſs than his own. Leave for a moment theſe debilitating ſcenes of pleaſure, to behold the miſeries of thy people. When the great Kalahad, thy father, ſwayed the ſceptre of this extenſive empire, ſatisfaction ſmiled in every countenance, and the ſongs of rejoicing reſounded in all parts of his dominions.

But

But now a gloom hath covered the face of thy people, and nothing is heard but ſorrow and lamentation. The lawleſs ſons of riot commit every diſorder with impunity, and vice triumphs in all parts of the empire. Remember the inſtructions given thee by thy father, when he left the regions of mortality; follow his precepts, and joy and happineſs ſhall again return, and thy people be delivered from every diſtreſs."

The King promiſed Chimas that he would no longer confine himſelf within his palace, but applyhimſelf to the offices of government, labour to reform the abuſes of which the people complained, and the next day adminiſter juſtice in perſon. Theſe reſolutions ſpread a general joy; but it proved of ſhort duration. His baſe counſellors, on the departure of Chimas obliterated the good impreſſions his advice had made on the heart of the monarch; ſo that the next day, when the people aſſembled before the palace, they found it ſhut as uſual.

Two days after Chimas paid a second visit to the King, and complained in very sharp terms, of his breach of promise. The King, ashamed of his weakness, assured him, that on the morrow his subjects should have reason to be satisfied. But as soon as Chimas was departed, his favorites again destroyed those good intentions. Such is the abuse to which all human affairs are liable: truth and falsehood use the same weapons and imperious eloquence is a two edged sword.

The people again assembled, and were again disappointed; which so exasperated them, that they took up arms and returned to the palace, determined to force the gates and set it on fire. The King and his wicked counsellors were now convinced of their injustice; but knew not how to divert the storm which threatened them with destruction. In this extremity a dreadful resolution was taken, to cut off all the great men of the kingdom, flattering themselves that when the leaders

leaders were no more, the rabble might be eaſily diſperſed. In order to put their deteſtable ſcheme in execution: the prince ſent for Chimas, and by the moſt magnificent promiſes, engaged him to prevail on the people to lay down their arms, on which the King would immediately adminiſter juſtice according to the ancient laws of the kingdom. Accordingly Chimas addreſſed himſelf to the people, and even promiſed them that they ſhould be no longer deceived. His eloquence had the deſired effect; the people diſperſed, and retired to their reſpective habitations.

This dangerous tumult being thus happily appeaſed, Chimas, at the head of the vizirs, learned men, and generals of the army, repaired to the palace, where they were received with all ſeeming marks of reſpect, and ſucceſſively introduced into the palace; but inſtead of receiving the thanks their conduct juſtly merited, they were all maſſacred, by perſons prepared to execute this bloody tragedy.

An action ſo full of horror inſpired the populace with a rage little leſs than madneſs; they aſſembled before the palace in the moſt tumultuous manner, and attempted to force the gates, but as this was not to be done ſuddenly, the King found means to eſcape, thro' a ſmall door in the garden. Soon after the people ſet fire to the palace gates, and dragged thoſe wicked councellors who had given ſuch inhuman advice to their monarch, into the ſtreet, where they ſuffered the puniſhment due to their crimes.

Having thus far vented their fury, they placed the ſon of Chimas, a youth about eighteen years of age, at the head of affairs; who followed the ſteps of his father, ſoon removed the evils complained of by the people, and made the wicked feel the weighty hand of juſtice.

In the mean time the young monarch wandered among the mountains of Indoſtan, where he ſuffered the greateſt hardſhips.

His

His food was wild fruits and roots, his drink the water that guſhed from the rocks, his bed the rugged ſurface of the earth, and his covering the azure canopy of heaven. Here expoſed to all the inclemencies of the weather, he bewailed his former follies, and implored forgiveneſs from his maker. One day as he was thus employed, with his eyes fixed on the celeſtial arch, he was rouſed from his contemplations by the approach of a venerable old man, who ſeemed to totter under the weight of years.

" My Son, cried this aged mortal, what corroding care preys on thy mind? and what terrible misfortune has driven thee from the habitations of men to ſeek an aſylum among the brute creation? I have many years reſided in theſe ſequeſtered parts; but never ſaw in them a man before. I have however found more ſolid pleaſure here, than I ever could diſcover in all the companies of mirth and feſtivity, ſo common among the giddy

race of mortals. And if thou wilt attend to my inſtructions, I will teach thee the path to happineſs. It is the nature of man to conſider all misfortunes as real evils: but this is a dangerous error. They are often intended by that Being who governs the univerſe, as gentle corrections, to remove the veil which pleaſure throws over the objects that ſurround us, and turn our feet from the paths of deſtruction to thoſe that lead to happineſs and joy. Fortunate, my ſon, are thoſe who conſider misfortunes as the kind rebukes of an indulgent parent: happy therefore will thy condition be if they prove the means of teaching thee, how fleeting and how unſatisfactory are the joys of the ſons of men; and of fixing thy deſires on thoſe that are reſerved for a future ſtate of exiſtence; then ſhalt thou paſs through this thirſty deſert without complaining: and, at the end of thy journey, enter on pleaſures that ſhall never have an end.

Experience

Experience hath long ſince convinced me that labour and ſorrow are the portion of the ſons of men, while they continue inhabitants of this earthly manſion. And when the heats of youth are over, and calm reflection aſſumes her ſeat, thou wilt be fully convinced of this great youth, and repent the moments thou haſt ſquandered in the ſervice of vice."

Theſe words pierced like an arrow the heart of the exiled monarch, and drew a freſh flood of tears from his eyes. He again proſtrated himſelf before the God of nature, and with a voice interrupted with ſighs, thus anſwered the hoary hermit.

O thou whom age and experience have taught wiſdom, liſten O thou, to my tale, aud thou wilt ſoon be convinced, that I have abundant reaſon for my ſorrow, and that my tears are not ſhed in vain. I am the ſon of the great Kalahad, and was lately ſeated on the throne of Indoſtan. My ſubjects will-

ingly paid me obedience, and my praiſe echoed in every corner of the empire. But I forſook the counſel of the wiſe and prudent and liſtened to the advice of the young and fooliſh; indulged myſelf in every kind of luxury and paid no regard to the petitions of my people. Juſtice was no longer adminiſtered, nor the cries of the injured regarded. To put a ſtop to theſe exceſſes the populace aſſembled in a tumultuous manner before the palace, but inſtead of redreſſing their juſt complaints, I took the fatal reſolution of putting their leaders to death; even the wiſe Chimas, who loved me with the affection of a father, fell a victim to my rage. But alas! this horrid tragedy produced very different effects; the people, mad with fury at the loſs of their leaders, aſſaulted the palace, but before they could force a paſſage I eſcaped thro' the garden, and have ever ſince wandered in theſe pathleſs waſtes, lamenting my weakneſs, and imploring forgiveneſs

giveneſs from the god of nature. But how can ſorrow atone for my wretched conduct, or a torrent of tears waſh out the ſtain of murder!"

The hermit ſtood for ſome time aſtoniſhed, but at laſt, recovering himſelf, he cried out,

"How unſearchable are the ways of providence! and how various are the methods uſed by the Almighty to teach wiſdom to the ſons of men! Thou, O monarch of Indoſtan, haſt known from experience the poignant pangs of a guilty conſcience; and adverſity has taught thee this ſacred truth, that virtue only is productive of happineſs. But return, O ſon of Kalahad! to the capital of thy empire; thy ſubjects will receive thee with open arms, and the ſon of Chimas, who now adminiſters juſtice, will replace thee on the throne of thy anceſtors. And may the ſufferings thou haſt endured in theſe barren waſtes never be forgotten; may they prove a conſtant monitor to remind thee of the

follies of thy youth, and the kindneſs of heaven in pardoning thy frailties. And remember, my ſon, that thoſe, who follow the ways of vice, will at laſt plunge themſelves into the gulph of deſtruction: while the paths of virtue are paths of pleaſantneſs, and lead to the regions of eternal repoſe."

The Prince followed the hermit's advice, repaired to his capital, was kindly received by the ſon of Chimas, and governed his people happily for many years.

"'Tis a charming ſtory Madam, ſaid Miſs Seagoe, but nothing pleaſes me more, than that the naſty Cat met her deſert—How I trembled for the poor Rat."

"The ſtory is ſo extremely moral throughout," ſaid Miſs Selwyn, "that it is ſufficiently explanatory, without troubling our good Governeſs with queſtions,"

FOURTH EVENING.

BENEVOLENCE OF AN EMPEROR OF CHINA.

HAMTI, the beſt and the wiſeſt Emperor that ever filled the throne, after having gained three ſignal victories over the Tartars, who had invaded his dominions, returned to Nankin in order to enjoy the glory of his conqueſt. After he had reſted for ſome days, the people, who are naturally fond of proceſſions, impatiently expected the triumphal entry, which Emperors upon ſuch occaſions

were accuſtomed to make. Their murmurs came to the Emperor's ears. He loved his people and was willing to do all in his power to ſatisfy their juſt deſires. He therefore aſſured them that he intended upon the next feaſt of the Lanterns, to exhibit one of the moſt glorious triumphs that had ever been ſeen in China.

The people were in raptures at his condeſcenſion; and on the appointed day, aſſembled at the gates of the palace with the moſt eager expectations. Here they waited for ſome time without ſeeing any of thoſe preparations which uſually precede a pageant. The lantern with ten thouſand tapers, was not yet brought forth; the fire works, which uſually covered the city walls, were not yet lighted; the people once more began to murmur at this delay, when in the midſt of their impatience the palace gates flew open and the Emperor himſelf appeared, not in

ſplendor

ſplendor or magnificence, bnt in an ordinary habit, followed by the blind, the maimed, and the ſtrangers of the city, all in new clothes, and each carrying in his hand money enough to ſupply his neceſſities for the year. The people were at firſt amazed; but ſoon perceived the wiſdom of their king, who taught them, that to make one man happy, was more truly great, than having ten thouſand captives groaning at the wheels of his chariot.

"How truly generous and noble was the conduct of the Emperor," ſaid Miſs Ulſter; "how I envy his triumph when ſurrounded by the maimed, the blind, and the ſtrangers. But ladies, I peg pardon for the interruption, it is yet early and our good Governeſs will perhaps favour us with another ſtory."

THE

THE PENITENT.

A TALE.

IN the neighbourhood of Damaſcus lived a gardener, whoſe name was Abdullcander: his only poſſeſſion was a ſmall garden, and its produce his only ſubſiſtence: though it barely ſupplied him with the neceſſaries of life, yet he murmured not: thankful for the little he had, the much he wanted gave him no regret. He prayed fervently at the ſtated hours preſcribed by the prophet, repeated his Biſmillah duly, and carefully obſerved the appointed ſeaſons for ablution.

One

One day a dervis ſtopped at the door of his cottage, and begged a little refreſhment: the charitable Abdullcander, with great chearfulneſs, ſet before him ſome dried figs, and a jar of milk. The dervis, after his repaſt, inſiſted on Abdullcander's acceptance of a mark of his gratitude, and throwing down a purſe inſtantly diſappeared.

When Abdullcander opened the purſe he found in it ninety nine chequins in gold, the ſight of which dazzled and confounded him. He now began to have an idea of the value of money, and all his care was to make the ninety nine chequins an hundred. This point was ſoon gained; but his deſires encreaſing with his poſſeſſions, he continued to employ his ſtock, and ſucceeded beyond his hopes: he removed into the city, enlarged his dealings, and by induſtrious perſeverance acquired an immenſe eſtate.

But the deſire of wealth took full poſ-

ſeſſion

ſeſſion of his heart, he grew more languid in his devotions, and more careleſs in the obſervation of the external duties of his religion, till at length he loſt the ſenſe of divine favour.

Thus after many years affluence and ſplendor, a ſevere ſickneſs warned him of the approach of the angel of death. Remorſe for his ingratitude to heaven, now deeply touched his heart. His contrition was laſting and ſincere. He looked on all his gain as loſs, and all his poſſeſſions as the ſnare of his ſoul. He ſent for a codgee, and made his will, in which, after providing generouſly for his relations, he left the remainder of his fortune to charitable uſes; and inſerted a clauſe, that as ſoon as he was dead, his corpſe ſhould be ignominiouſly dragged on a hurdle, thrice round the town, preceded by the cryer, who ſhould proclaim with a loud voice, "This is the carcaſe of the ungrateful

ful wretch, who in adverſity remembered God, but in his proſperity forgat him."

"As Abdullcander encreaſed his wealth by induſtry," ſaid Miſs Charlotte Selwyn, "I ſee no cauſe why he ſhould ſo deeply reflect on himſelf"

"Induſtry is certainly laudable," returned Mrs. Corbet, "but that virtue is of little value if overbalanced by ingratitude; it is certainly the exceſs of that vice, to forget from whence our bleſſings flow; and ſo truly ſenſible of this was Abdullcander, that he thought no ſubmiſſion too abject to expreſs his contrition. I will now relate you a fact from real hiſtory in the reign of Edward the third."

THE

SURRENDER OF CALAIS.

AN ENGLISH STORY.

EDWARD the Third, after the battle of Creſſy, laid ſiege to Calais. He had fortified his camp in ſo impregnable a manner that all the efforts of France proved ineffectual to raiſe the ſiege, or throw ſuccours into the City. The citizens however under the conduct of Count Vienne their gallant governor, made an admirable defence. Day after day the Engliſh effected many a breach, which they repeatedly expected to ſtorm by morning; but when morning appeared, they wondered

to

to behold new ramparts raiſed, nightly erected out of the ruins which the day had made.

France had now put the ſickle into her ſecond harveſt ſince Edward with his victorious army ſat down before the town. The eyes of all Europe were intent on the iſſue. The Engliſh made their approaches and attacks without remiſſion; but the citizens were as obſtinate in repelling all their efforts.

At length, famine did more for Edward than arms. After the citizens had devoured the lean carcaſſes of their ſtarved cattle, they tore up old foundations and rubbiſh in ſearch of vermin. They fed on boiled leather and the weeds of exhauſted gardens, aud a morſel of damaged corn was accounted matter of luxury.

In this extremity they reſolved to attempt the enemy's camp, They boldly ſallied forth; the Engliſh joined battle, and after a long and deſperate engagement, count Vienne

enne was taken priſoner, and the citizens who ſurvived the ſlaughter, retired within their gates.

On the captivity of the governor, the command devolved upon Euſtace Saint Pierre, the mayor of the town, a man of mean birth, but of exalted virtue.

Euſtace now found himſelf under the neceſſity of capitulating and offered to deliver to Edward, the city, with all the poſſeſſions and wealth of the inhabitants, provided he permitted them to depart with life and liberty.

As Edward had long ſince expected to aſcend the throne of France, he was exaſperated to the laſt degree againſt theſe people, whoſe valour had defeated his warmeſt hopes; he therefore determined to take an exemplary revenge, though he wiſhed to avoid the imputation of cruelty. He anſwered, by Sir Walter Mauny, "that they all deſerved capital puniſhment, as obſtinate traitors

traitors to him, their true, and natural ſovereign. That however, in his wonted clemency, he conſented to pardon the bulk of the plebeians, provided they would deliver up to him ſix of their principal citizens, with halters about their necks, as victims of due atonement for that ſpirit of rebellion with which they had inflamed the vulgar herd.

All the remains of this deſolate city were convened in the great ſquare, and, like men arraigned at a tribunal from whence there was no appeal, expected with beaten hearts the ſentence of their conqueror.

When Sir Walter had declared his meſſage, conſternation and pale diſmay was impreſſed on every face. Each looked on death as his own inevitable lot; for how ſhould they deſired to be ſaved at the price propoſed? whom had they to deliver, ſave parents, brothers, kindred, or valiant neighbours, who had ſo often expoſed their lives

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in their defence? to a long and dead silence, deep sighs and groans succeeded; till Eustace Saint Pierre, getting up to a little eminence, thus addressed the assembly. "My friends, we are brought to great straits this day. We must either submit to the terms of our cruel and ensnaring conqueror; or yield up our tender infants, our wives, and chaste daughters, to the bloody and brutal lusts of the violating soldiery.

"We well know what the tyrant intends, by his specious offers of mercy. It will not satiate his vengeance to make us merely miserable, he would also make us criminal, he would make us contemptible; he will grant us life on no condition, save that of our being unworthy of it.

"Look about you, my friends, and fix your eyes on the persons, whom you wish to deliver up as the victims of your own safety. Which of these would ye appoint to the rack, the axe, or the halter? Is there

any

any here who has not watched for you, who has not fought for you, who has not bled for you? who through the length of this inveterate ſiege, has not ſuffered fatigues and miſeries, a thouſand times worſe than death, that you and yours might ſurvive to days of peace and proſperity? Is it your preſervers then whom you would deſtine to deſtruction? you will not, you cannot do it. Juſtice, honour, and humanity, make ſuch a treaſon impoſſible.

"Where then is our reſource? is there any expedient left? a gracious, an excellent, a God-like expedient! Is there any here to whom virtue is dearer than life? let him offer himſelf an oblation for the ſafety of his people! he ſhall not fail of a bleſſed approbation from that power, who offered up his only Son for the ſalvation of mankind."

He ſpoke—but a univerſal ſilence enſued. Each man looked around for the example

example of that virtue and magnanimity in others, which all wiſhed to approve in themſelves, though they wanted the reſolution.

At length Saint Pierre reſumed—"It had been baſe in me, my fellow-citizens, to propoſe any matter of damage to others, which I myſelf had not been willing to undergo in my own perſon. But I held it ungenerous to deprive any man of that preference and eſtimation which might attend a firſt offer, on ſo ſignal an occaſion. For I doubt not but there are many here as ready, nay more zealous of this martyrdom than I can be, however, modeſty and the fear of imputed oſtentation, may with-hold them from being foremoſt in exhibiting their merits.

"Indeed the ſtation, to which the captivity of lord Vienne has unhappily raiſed me, imparts a right to be the firſt in giving my life for your ſakes. I give it freely—I give it chearfully, who comes next?

"Your ſon!" exclaimed a youth, not yet come to maturity—"Ah! my child! cried Saint Pierre, I am, then, twice ſacrificed.—But no—I have rather begotten thee a ſecond time.—Thy years are few, but full, my ſon; the victim of virtue has reached the utmoſt purpoſe and goal of mortality. Who next, my friends?—This is the hour of heroes.—Your kinſman, cried John de Aire! your kinſman, cried James Wiſſant! Your kinſman, cried Peter Wiſſant!—Ah, exclaimed Sir Walter Mauny, burſting into tears; why was I not a citizen of Calais?

The ſixth victim was ſtill wanting, but was quickly ſupplied by lot, from numbers who were now emulous of ſo ennobling an example.

The keys of the city were then delivered to Sir Walter. He took the ſix priſoners into his cuſtody. He ordered the gates to be opened, and gave charge to his attendants to conduct the remaining citizens, with their

their families, through the camp of the Engliſh.

Before they departed, however, they deſired permiſſion to take their laſt adieu of their deliverers.—What a parting! what a ſcene! they crowded with their wives and children about Saint Pierre and his fellow-priſoners. They embraced, they clung around, they fell proſtrate before them. They groaned, they wept aloud; and the joint clamour of their mourning paſſed the gates of the city, and was heard throughout the camp.—At length, Saint Pierre and his fellow victims appeared, under the conduct of Sir Walter, and a guard. All the tents of the Engliſh were inſtantly emptied. The ſoldiers poured from all parts, and arranged themſelves on all ſides, to behold, to contemplate, to admire this little band of patriots as they paſſed. They bowed down to them on all ſides. They murmured their applauſe of that virtue which they could not

not but revere, even in enemies. And they regarded thoſe ropes which they had voluntarily aſſumed about their necks, as enſigns of greater dignity than that of the Britiſh garter.

As ſoon as they had reached the preſence, Mauny! ſays the monarch, are theſe the principal inhabitants of Calais? They are, ſays Mauny, they are not only the principal men of Calais, they are the principal men of France, my lord, if virtue has any ſhare in ennobling. Were they delivered peaceably, ſays Edward; was there no reſiſtance, no commotion among the people? Not in the leaſt, my lord; the people would all have periſhed, rather than have delivered the leaſt of theſe to your majeſty. They are ſelf-delivered, ſelf-devoted, and come to offer up their ineſtimable heads, as an ample equivalent for the ranſom of thouſands.

Edward was ſecretly piqued at this reply

of

of Sir Walter, but he knew the privilege of a Britiſh ſubject, and ſuppreſſed his reſentment. Experience, ſays he, hath ever ſhewn that lenity only ſerves to invite people to new crimes. Severity, at times, is indiſpenſably neceſſary to deter ſubjects into ſubmiſſion by puniſhment and example. Go, he cried, to an officer, lead theſe men to execution. Your rebellion, continued he, addreſſing himſelf to Saint Pierre, your rebellion againſt me, the natural heir of your crown, is highly aggravated by your preſent preſumption and affront of my power.—We have nothing to aſk of your majeſty, ſaid Euſtace, ſave what you cannot refuſe us.—What is that?—Your eſteem, my lord, ſaid Euſtace, and went with his companions.

At this inſtant, a ſound of triumph was heard throughout the camp. The queen had juſt arrived, with a powerful reinforcement of thoſe gallant ſoldiers, at the head of whom

whom ſhe had conquered Scotland, and taken their king captive.

Sir Walter Mauny flew to receive her majeſty, and briefly informed her of the particulars reſpecting the ſix victims.

As ſoon as ſhe had been welcomed by Edward and his court, ſhe deſired a private audience. My lord, ſaid ſhe, the queſtion I am about to enter upon, is not touching the lives of a few mechanics; it reſpects a matter, more eſtimable then the lives of all the natives of France, it reſpects the honour of the Engliſh nation; it reſpects the glory of my Edward, my huſband, my king.

You think you have ſentenced ſix of your enemies to death. No, my lord, they have ſentenced themſelves, and their execution would be the execution of their own orders, not the orders of Edward.

They have behaved themſelves worthily, they have behaved themſelves greatly: I cannot but reſpect, while I envy, while I hate

hate them, for leaving us no ſhare in the honour of this action, ſave that of granting a poor, and indiſpenſable pardon.

I admit, they have deſerved every thing that is evil at your hands. They have proved the moſt inveterate and efficacious of your enemies. They alone, have withſtood the rapid courſe of your conqueſts, and have with-held from you the crown to which you were born. Is it therefore that you would reward them? that you would gratify their deſires, that you would indulge their ambition, and enwreath them with everlaſting glory and applauſe.

But, if ſuch a death would exalt mechanics over the fame of the moſt illuſtrious heroes, how would the name of my Edward, with all his triumphs and honours, be tarniſhed thereby! Would it not be ſaid, that magnanimity and virtue are grown odious in the eyes of the monarch of Britain, and that the objects, whom he deſtines to the

puniſhment

punishment of felons, are the very men who deserve the praise and esteem of mankind. The stage on which they should suffer, would be to them a stage of honour; but a stage of shame to Edward, a reproach to his conquests, a dark and indelible disgrace to his name.

"No, my Lord;--let us rather disappoint the saucy ambition of these burghers, who wish to invest themselves with glory at our expence. We cannot, indeed, wholely deprive them of the merit of a sacrifice so nobly intended, but we may cut them short of their desires; in the place of that death by which their glory would be consummate, let us bury them under gifts, let us put them to shame with praises; we shall thereby defeat them of that popular opinion which never fails to attend those who suffer in the cause of virtue.

"I am convinced; you have prevailed;" "Be it so," cried Edward, "prevent the

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execution; have them instantly before us."

They came; when the queen, with an aspect and accents diffusing sweetness, thus bespoke them:

"Natives of France, and inhabitants of Calais, ye have put us to vast expence of blood and treasure in the recovery of our just and natural inheritance; but you have acted up to the best of an erroneous judgment, and we admire and honour in you that valour and virtue, by which we are so long kept out of our rightful possessions.

"You noble burghers, you excellent citizens! though you were tenfold the enemies of our person and our throne, we can feel nothing on our part, save respect and affection for you. You have been sufficiently tested;---we loose your chains--we snatch you from the scaffold--and we thank you for that lesson of humiliation which you teach us, when you shew us that excellence

excellence is not of blood, of title, or station; that virtue gives a dignity superior to that of kings; and that those whom the Almighty informs with sentiments like yours, are justly and eminently raised above all human distinctions.

"You are now free to depart to your kinsfolk, your countrymen, to all whose lives and liberties you have so nobly redeemed, provided you refuse not to carry with you the due tokens of our esteem.

"Yet we would rather bind you to ourselves, by every endearing obligation; and for this purpose, we offer to you your choice of the gifts and honours that Edward has to bestow. Rivals for fame, but always friends to virtue, we wish that England were entitled to call you her sons."

"Ah, my country!" exclaimed Saint Pierre, "it is now that I tremble for you. Edward could only win your cities, but Philippa conquers hearts."

"Brave Saint Pierre," said the queen, "wherefore look you so dejected?"

"Ah, madam!" replied Saint Pierre, "when I meet with such another opportunity of dying I shall not regret that I survived this day."

FIFTH

FIFTH EVENING.

THE WATER OF FOLLY.

AN ORIENTAL TALE.

THE sage Aboul-casem having discovered, by his skill in astrology, that all the water of the town where he dwelt would fall the next year under the influence of such a strange planet, that whoever drank of it would become foolish, resolved to exempt himself from the common disaster; and proposed great pleasure and honour from being the only wise man in the town. Accordingly he provided a reservoir, which

he filled with a sufficient quantity of the present year's water, that he might be in no necessity of drinking that of the fatal year. This prediction was at length verified, and the first appearance of the universal folly gave him great delight; but folly not being of a nature to amuse long, he grew weary of so inhuman a pleasure. He soon found himself deprived of all the joys and conveniences of society: no creature could give him a reasonable answer. He asked one what o'clock it was; who told him, "that corn was at two sequins a bushel." He enquired what news of another; who answered, "that salt was an excellent thing to butter fish with." He tried others, and found their replies equally remote from the question, which made him almost as mad as the water had made them. Yet he observed, that all lived easy and sociable with one another, and perfectly well satisfied with their

their own condition. Fired at length with the solitary state to which his singular wisdom had reduced him, he renounced the sublime advantages of it; and, in order to partake of the common happiness, drank the water, and mingled with the fools.

"I thought, madam," said Miss Colcroft, "we could not be too wise."

"To endeavour, my dear," replied Mrs. Corbett, "to distinguish ourselves by pre-eminence of wisdom from our fellows, is but rendering ourselves conspicuous, and dreaded. To conform to the temper of others, as far as is consistent with virtue and honour, are desirable, for all attempts at singularity is unpleasant; to be attentive with the learned, sympathizing with the sorrowful, chearful with the gay, for it is not in nature always to meet dispositions, or humours, exactly suited to our own."

With this remark the good lady dismissed her young companions, who already anticipated

anticipated the pleasure they should enjoy on the following evening, when she had promised to read to them a Story on the nature and consequence of Ingratitude.

ON THE

NATURE AND CONSEQUENCES OF INGRATITUDE.

A STORY.

BEFORE tyranny extended her baneful influence over the island of Crete, (now called Candy) and justice was banished from this lovely island; there reigned a king who was so great an enemy to ingratitude, that he made an edict, that whoever should be found guilty of it should be punished with death; and that sentence being once passed by the court, there should be no appeal to any other power, nor remission, but from the complainant himself.

self. But before any complaint of this kind was made, death put an end to the life of this monarch, who left his son and successor an infant; so that the sovereign power, during his minority, was invested in the senate.

A war had subsisted a long time between the Cretians and Venetians; and the former must have been entirely subdued by the latter, had it not been for the extraordinary valour of their general. It would be too tedious to relate all the great and noble actions of this great man:--How, when opposed by numbers, his single arm redeemed the honour of the field;--how, when covered over with blood, and his whole body seemed but one large wound, he spurned the man who offered him a litter; and grasping the neck of his horse, being unable to sit upright, pursued, in that posture, the flying foe;--how, when any advantage offered, he was the first to plunge

plunge into the rapid stream, to mount the breach, to leap the parapet; nor could fenny marches, nor craggy rocks, obstruct his passage;--in short, he was looked upon as the guardian angel of Crete, and so distinguished by all degrees of people: more than by his post, or the name he derived from his ancestors.

Long did he retain these honours unequalled and alone, till heaven raised him a competitor in his own son. The youth, whom he had trained to battle from his most early years, became, in time, so great a warrior, that his father only was thought his equal. He had given many proofs of his abilities in two campaigns against the Venetians; but, in the third, when the Venetians had assembled their whole forces commanded by the Doge's son in person, our young hero established a reputation never to be erased.

The troops of Crete were divided into

two

two armies, one of which was headed by the old general, the other by his son; the former was able only to keep the field, while the other entirely routed that part of the Venetian army they were engaged with; and then, marching to the relief of the old general, obtained so complete a victory, that the Venetians were obliged to sue for peace. To complete the triumph of the young general, he had the glory of taking the Doge's son prisoner, after defeating him in single combat; and, after him, the most experienced Venetian captain, on whose good or bad success the whole, in a great measure, depended.

The joy and acclamations with which these warriors were received at their return to the capital, by the senate, as well as the populace, was equal to their success; but this sun of triumph was soon obscured by an unlooked-for storm, which had nearly overwhelmed them in ruin and destruction.

They

They had a law in Crete, which had subsisted time immemorial, that whoever was generally allowed to have done most honour to his country in the day of battle, should, at his return, be gratified with any demand he should think fit to make.

On this a contest arose between the two generals, in which no considerations of blood, duty, or paternal affection, could prevail on either to yield. The father knew and regarded the merit of his son, yet thought to make a sacrifice of his long-worn honours would be a recompence too great; and the son, who, on the least command of so excellent a father would have readily laid down his life, could not submit to sacrifice his title to glory, even to the calls of duty.

They both appeared before the senate, and made their respective claims: the father pleaded his ancient services—the son his late success, and the advantages gained

by it to the whole nation. The matter was soon decided, and the young general was pronounced deliverer of his country, and desired to name the thing he requested: on which, to atone, as he thought, for the umbrage he had given his father, he requested a statue of him might be erected, and all the glorious achievements engraved on the pedestal. The whole assembly rung with applauses of his filial piety; who, having it in his power to demand what he pleased, desired only the perpetuation of his father's honours. But the action had a quite contrary effect on the mind of the person it was intended to oblige. The old general, peevish through age and infirmities, and mortified to think his glories were about to be eclipsed by a luminary which his own example had first given light, was so far from being pleased at this proof of his son's respect, that he rather looked upon it as ostentation; and that he did not desire

sire this monument of his father's victories, but to shew his own had surpassed them; and that the grateful recompence was made in consideration of his later and more meritorious services. This imagination, however unjust, sunk so deeply into his soul, that he retired to his country seat filled with discontent against his son, whom he ordered never to see him more; and renounced him with the most bitter imprecations.

The young general was deeply afflicted at the displeasure of his father; and finding all the submission he could make served rather to increase than mitigate it, fell into a melancholy, which all the honours he received had not the power to dispel.

In the mean time the Princess of Crete, sister to the late king, fell desperately in love with him; and, forgetting her dignity, made him an offer of her person and treasures. But he, insensible to her charms,

and wholly devoted to make peace with his father, would consent to marry her on no other conditions, than first to send a sum of money to his father to redeem some lands, which his former liberality to the soldiers had obliged him to mortgage, and to keep the thing an inviolable secret.

The implacable old man received thankfully the donation, as coming from the princess; but being informed afterwards, by some person she had intrusted with the secret, of the love she bore his son, and that it was by his instigation she conferred this favour upon him, instead of being appeased by this new proof of filial affection, he became infinitely more irritated against him than ever; and in order to be revenged on the insult, as he termed it, formed a resolution the most strange and unnatural that ever entered the heart of man.

Borne on the wings of fury, and deaf to all the remonstrances that were made him, he

he flew to the capital, and demanded justice in the execution of the law against his son; whom, in a most pathetic speech, he accused of ingratitude—repeated the various obligations he had to him both as a father and preceptor—proved, that in the heat of battle, while yet a novice in the art of war, he had thrown himself between him and the impending danger—received the wounds designed for him, and times unnumbered shielded him from death---"For all which bounties," added he, "he stripped me of the glories I had gained before he had a being; ravished from me the prize of fame, more dear to me than life, and brought my age with sorrow to the grave."

The young general refused to make any defence, and hating a life his father's unkindness had made wretched, submitted to the sentence the senate unwillingly were obliged to pass upon him.

This intelligence no sooner reached the princess, than, wild with grief, she ran to the senate house; and first, by soft persuasions, endeavoured to move the heart of the old general; but he continuing obdurate, she vowed he should suffer the same fate with his innocent son; accordingly, she accused him of the highest ingratitude to her, as, being obliged to her for the redemption of his lands, he had contrived to deprive her of what he knew was most dear to her. The charge was too justly founded to be denied; and the senate were obliged to satisfy the demand she made.

The young general, who had heard with an unshaken courage his own doom pronounced, could not support that of his father's; and he revolving in his mind what he should do to save him, became, in his turn, an accuser of the princess. He urged, that having for a long time sought his affections, she had, at last, obtained a promise

mise of marriage from him, on which she pretended her life depended; yet she had no sooner obtained it, than she ungratefully betrayed a secret he had bound her to conceal, and by that fatal discovery irritated his father, and had been the cause of both their ruin. The amorous princess pleaded guilty to this charge, being desirous of dying with him she loved, even cruel as he now seemed; and as no person whatever was exempted by this law from the penalty, she was condemned to suffer with the general and his son.

The power of preventing so tragic a a scene lay wholly in the old general; who, by remitting the offences of his son, would have obtained of the princess remission for himself, as she also would from her lover; but neither the arguments made use of by the senate for this salutary purpose, nor even their tears and intreaties could prevail on his inflexible heart; and these three illustrious

lustrious personages were just going to be conducted to their fate, when a young virgin, daughter to the old general, rushed into the council-hall, crying aloud as she passed through the crowd, "Stop, stop the execution till my claim is heard: if these must suffer, it is just others more guilty should partake of their fate." On this the guards were ordered to bring back the prisoners, and all waited with impatience what this new wonder was to produce; when the maid, with an undaunted courage, spoke as follows: "If I am rightly informed, the law against ingratitude falls indiscriminately on all found guilty of it." To which the president answered, it did. "Then I accuse you all," resumed she, "all you of the senate! all you, who, having the power and treasure of the public invested in you, forget the services of this old man, my father, fifty years your general; and stiled the guardian

guardian angel of his country, and suffered him to feel the stings of poverty, to be reduced even to beggary; but for the compassion of the princess, while you yourselves were rioting in that affluence preserved for you by the best part of his blood. If this is not ingratitude, nothing can be called so: quit therefore your seats, and be content to suffer the punishment of your crime."

Never was consternation equal to that which this demand occasioned;--the populace seconded the accusation, and cried out for justice;--all the lords which composed this august assembly looked one upon another without the power of speech. What, indeed, could they say! how reply to so just, so convicting a charge! The law by which they were condemned was wrote too plain for any evasion.—There was no remedy to be found; and those who but a moment before had passed sentence of death against

against others, were now compelled to submit to it themselves. The soldiers immediately stripped those late judges of their robes; and ranged them with those who were before prisoners, in order to conduct them to the place of execution appointed for criminals.

How dreadful a spectacle was this, the princess, the two generals, with all the nobility and magistracy of the kingdom, about to be destroyed at once! Who, when they were no more, would be left to maintain order among the people? Where could there one be found to protect the peace of Crete?—All administration of public justice must cease, and the whole realm be involved in a wild confusion.

The old general could hold out no longer; his obdurate heart melted at the ruin of his country; and, as he knew the whole depended on himself, he forgave his son; his son, with tears of joy, the princess; and she

she, no less readily, remitted the offences of the father.—The young lady, by whose stratagem this happy change was wrought, desired the senate to resume their places, and all was now restored to its ancient form; but the terrible consequences which this law had like to have occasioned, and which it would always have been liable to draw on, made them unanimously agree to repeal it.

"This short relation, my dear children, may serve to shew of how ambiguous and perplexed a nature ingratitude, in reality is; how impossible it is to be entirely free from it ourselves, and how readily we fix the imputation of it on others. In short, there has yet never been, nor possibly never will be, a standard for it, by which one may truly know what is, or is not so.

"Every one who labours under any distress in life, is full of accusations on the ingratitude of persons whom he either has,

or

or imagines he has, conferred some obligation on at one time or another; though, perhaps, those whom he thus brands were never sensible of any favour; or, if they are, may not have it in their power to return them in the manner they expected."

SIXTH EVENING.

THE

FOLLY OF DISCONTENT.

A TALE.

AT Ispahan, in Persia, there lived a young man of a noble family and great fortune, named Achmet; who from his infancy shewed the earliest signs of a restless, turbulent spirit; and though by nature endowed with an understanding superior to any of his age, was led away with every gust of passion to precipitate himself into the greatest dangers. After having a little experienced the misfortunes that accrue

from such a disposition, he became somewhat more diffident of his own abilities; and determined to take the advice of those who had been more conversant with human nature how to proceed for the future. There dwelt not far from the city, in a little cell among a ridge of mountains, an old hermit; who many years before had retired from the world to that place to spend the rest of his days in prayer and contemplation. The good man became so famous through the country for his exemplary life, that if any one had any uneasiness of mind he immediately went to Abudah, (for so he was called) and never failed of receiving consolation, in the deepest affliction, from his prudent counsel; which made the superstitious imagine, that there was a charm in the sound of his words to drive away despair, and all her gloomy attendants.

Hither Achmet repaired; and as he was entering a grove near the sage's habitation, met,

met, according to his wishes, the venerable recluse: he prostrated himself before him, and with signs of the utmost anguish, "Behold," said he, "O divine Abudah, favourite of our mighty prophet, who resemblest Allha by distributing the balm of comfort to the distressed; behold the most miserable of mortals." He was going on, when the old man, deeply affected with his lamentations, interrupted him; and taking him by the hand, "Rise, my son," said he, "let me know the cause of thy misfortunes; and whatever is in my power shall be done to restore thee to tranquillity." "Alas!" replied Achmet, "how can I be restored to that which I never yet possessed? for know, thou enlightened judge of the faithful, I never have spent an easy moment that I can remember since reason first dawned upon my mind; hitherto, even from my cradle, a thousand fancies have attended me through life, and are continu-

ally, under the false appearances of happiness, deceiving me into anxiety, whilst others are enjoying the most undisturbed repose. Tell me then, I conjure thee by the holy temple of Mecca, from whence thy prayers have been so often carried to Mahomet by the ministers of Paradise, by what method I may arrive, if not at the sacred tranquillity thou enjoyest, yet at the harbour of such earthly peace as the holy Koran hath promised to all those that obey its celestial precepts; for sure those who remove alternately from the different extremes of chilling frosts and scorching flames, cannot suffer greater torments than I undergo at present." Abudah perceiving that a discontented mind alone was the source of the young man's troubles—"Be comforted, my son," said he, "for a time shall come, by the will of heaven, when thou shalt receive the reward of a true believer, and be freed from all thy misfortunes:

misfortunes: but thou must still undergo many more before thou canst be numbered with the truly happy. Thou enquirest of me where happiness dwells: look round the world, and see in how many different scenes she has taken up her residence; sometimes, though very rarely, in a palace—often in a cottage—the philosopher's cave of retirement—and the soldiers tent, amidst the noise and dangers of war, are, by turns, her habitation—the rich man may see her in his treasure—and the beggar in his wallet: in all these stations she is to be found, but in none altogether. Go, then, and seek thy fortune among the various scenes of the world; and if thou shouldst prove unsuccessful in this probationary expedition, return to me when seven years are expired; when the passions of youth begin to subside, and I will instruct thee by a religious emblem, which our great prophet shewed me in a dream, how to obtain the end of all thy wishes."

Achmet not understanding Abudah's meaning, left him as discontented as he came; and returned to Ispahan with a full resolution of gratifying every inclination of pleasure or ambition, imagining one of these must be the road to felicity. Accordingly he gave up his first years entirely to those enjoyments which enervate both body and mind; but finding at length no real satisfaction in these, but rather diseases and disappointments, he changed his course of life, and followed the dictates of avarice, that was continually offering to his eyes external happiness seated on a throne of gold. His endeavours succeeded, and by the assistance of fortune he became the richest subject of the east. Still something was wanting; power and honour presented themselves to his view, and wholly engaged his attention. These desires did not long remain unsatisfied, for by the favour of the Sophy he was advanced to the

the highest dignities of the Persian empire. But alas! he was still never the nearer to the primary object of his most ardent wishes! fears, doubts, and a thousand different anxieties that attend the great, perpetually haunted him, and made him seek again the calm retirement of a rural life.

Nor was the latter productive of any more comfort than the former stations; in short, being disappointed, and finding happiness in no one condition, he sought the hermit a second time to complain of his fate, and claim the promise he had received before the beginning of his adventures. Abudah seeing his disciple return again after the stated time, still discontented, took him by the hand, and smiling upon him, with an air of gentle reproof, "Achmet," said he, "cease to blame the fates for the uneasiness which arises alone from thy own breast; behold, since thou hast performed the task I enjoined in order to

make

make thee more capable of following my future instructions, I will unfold to thee the grand mystery of wisdom, by which she leads her votaries to happiness. See," said he, pointing to a river in which several young swans were eagerly swimming after their own shadows in the stream, "those silly birds imitate mankind: they are in pursuit of that which their own motion puts to flight; behold others, which have tired themselves with their unnecessary labours, and sitting still, are in possession of what their utmost endeavours could never have accomplished. Thus, my son, happiness is the shadow of contentment, and rests or moves for ever with its original."

"As the morality in this story is so good, my dear children, I shall not attempt to enlarge on it, but go on to read you one equally good, which gave me great pleasure in the perusal; and with two short ones that occur to my memory, will be as much as the time will allow." THE

THE DISPENSATIONS OF PROVIDENCE.

AN EASTERN TALE.

BOZALDAB, califf of Egypt, had dwelt securely for many years in the silken pavillions of pleasure; and had every morning anointed his head with the oil of gladness, when his only son Aboram (for whom he had crowded his treasures with gold, extended his dominions with conquests, and secured them with impregnable fortresses) was suddenly wounded as he was hunting with an arrow from an unknown hand, and expired in the field.

Bozaldab,

Bozaldab, in the distraction of grief and despair, refused to return to his palace, and retired to the gloomiest grotto in the neighbouring mountain; he there rolled himself in the dust, tore away the hairs of his hoary beard, and dashed the cup of consolation, offered him by patience, to the ground. He suffered not his minstrels to approach his presence: but listened to the screams of the melancholy birds of midnight, that flit through the solitary vaults and echoing chambers of the pyramids. "Can that God be benevolent," he cried, "who thus wounds the soul, as from an ambush, with unexpected sorrow, and crushes his creature in a moment with irremediless calamity? Ye lying Imans, talk no more of the justice and kindness of an all-directing providence! He, who you pretend reigns in heaven, is so far from protecting the miserable sons of men, that he perpetually delights to blast the sweetest flower

flower in the garden of hope; and, like a malignant giant, to beat down the strongest tower of happiness with the iron mace of his avenging anger. If this Being possessed the goodness and the power with which flattering priests have invested him, he would, doubtless, be inclined and enabled to banish those evils which render the world a dungeon of distress, a vale of vanity and woe:—I will continue in it no longer!"

At that moment he furiously raised his hand, which despair had armed with a dagger, to strike it deep into his bosom; when suddenly thick flashes of lightning shot through the cavern, and a Being of more than human beauty and magnitude, arrayed in azure robes, crowned with amarinth, and waving a branch of palm in his right hand, arrested the arm of the trembling califf, and said with a majestic smile, "Follow me to the top of yonder mountain."

"Look

"Look from hence," said the heavenly conductor, "I am Colae, the angel of peace; look from hence into the vale below."

Bozaldab obeyed, and beheld a barren, sultry, and solitary island, in the midst of which sat a pale, meagre, and ghastly figure: it was a merchant just perishing with famine, and lamenting that he could find neither wild berries nor a single spring in this forlorn, uninhabited desart; and begging the protection of heaven against the tygers that would certainly have destroyed him, since he had consumed the last fuel he had collected to make nightly fires to affright them. He then cast a casket of jewels on the sand as trifles of no use, and crept, feeble and trembling, to an eminence where he was accustomed to sit every evening to watch the setting sun, and to make a signal to any ship that might fortunately approach the island.

"Inhabitant

"Inhabitant of heaven!" cried Bozaldab, "suffer not this wretch to perish by the fury of wild beasts." "Peace," said the angel, "and observe." He looked again, and beheld a vessel approach the desolate island. What words can paint the rapture of the starving merchant, when the captain offered to transport him to his native country if he would reward him with half the jewels in his casket! No sooner had this merciless commander received the stipulated sum, than he held a consultation with the crew, and they agreed to seize the remaining jewels, and leave the unhappy exile in the same helpless and lamentable condition in which they first discovered him.—He wept and trembled, intreated and implored in vain.

"Will heaven permit such injustice to be practised?" exclaimed Bozaldab.—"Look again," said the angel, "and behold the very ship, in which, short-sighted

as thou art, thou wishedst the merchant might embark, dashed in pieces on a rock: dost thou not hear the cries of the sinking sailors? Presume not to direct the Governor of the Universe in his disposal of events. The man whom thou hast pitied shall be taken from his dreary solitude, but not by the method thou wouldst prescribe. His vice was avarice, by which he became at once abominable and wretched; he fancied there was some mighty charm in wealth, which, like the wand of Abdiel, would gratify every wish, and obviate every fear. This wealth he has now been taught not only to despise, but to abhor—he cast the jewels upon the sand, and confessed them to be useless; he offered part of them to the mariners, and perceived them to be pernicious: he has now learned that they are rendered useful or vain, good or evil, only by the situation and temper of the possessor. Happy is he whom distress has taught

taught wisdom!—but turn thine eyes to another and more interesting scene."

The califf instantly beheld a magnificent palace, adorned with the statutes of his ancestors wrought in jasper; the ivory doors of which turning on hinges of the gold of Golconda, discovered a throne of diamonds, surrounded with the rajas of fifty nations, and with ambassadors in various habits, and of different complexions; on which sat Aboram, the much lamented son of Bozaldab, and by his side a princess, fairer than an Houri.

"Gracious Alla! it is my son," cried the califf: "O! let me hold him to my heart." "Thou canst not grasp an unsubstantial vision," replied the angel, "I am now shewing thee what would have been the destiny of thy son had he continued longer on earth." "And why," returned Bozaldab, "was he not permitted to continue? Why was I not suffered to

be a witness of so much felicity and power?" "Consider the secret," replied he, "that dwells in the fifth heaven."

Bozaldab looked earnestly, and saw the countenance of his son, on which he had been used to behold the placid smile of simplicity, and the vivid blushes of health, now distorted with rage, and now fixed in the insensibility of drunkenness; it was again animated with disdain, it became pale with apprehension, and appeared to be withered by intemperance; his hands were stained with blood, and he trembled by turns with fury and terror. The palace, so lately shining with oriental pomp, changed suddenly into the cell of a dungeon, where his son lay stretched out on the cold pavement, gagged and bound, with his eyes put out. Soon after he observed the favourite Sultana, who before was seated by his side, enter with a bowl of poison, which she compelled Aboram to drink, and

and afterwards married the successor to his throne.

"Happy," said Coloe, "is he whom providence hath, by the angel of death, snatched from guilt! from whom that power is withheld which, had he possessed, would have accumulated upon himself yet greater misery than it would bring upon others."

"It is enough," cried Bozaldab, "I adore the inscrutable schemes of omniscience!—From what dreadful evils hath my son been rescued, by a death which I rashly bewailed as unfortunate and premature—a death of innocence and peace, which has blessed his memory upon earth, and transmitted his spirit to the skies."

"Cast away the dagger," replied the heavenly messenger, "which thou wast preparing to plunge into thine own heart; exchange complaint for silence, and doubt for adoration. Can a mortal look down

without giddiness and stupifaction into the vast abyss of eternal wisdom? Can a mind less than infinite perfectly comprehend any thing among an infinity of objects mutually relative? Can the channels, cut to receive the annual inundations of the Nile, or the Ganges, contain the waters of the ocean? Remember that perfect happiness cannot be conferred on a creature; for perfect happiness is an attribute as incommunicable as perfect power and eternity."

While the angel was speaking thus, he stretched out his pinions to fly back to the empyreum—and the flutter of his wings was like the rushing of a cataract.

STORY

STORY

OF THE

GRAND DUKE OF TUSCANY.

COSMO de Medicis, Grand Duke of Tuscany, concerning whom, on account of his prodigious wealth, it was rumoured that he had the art of transmutation. A noble Venetian, who, though he had but a small fortune, was extremely well recommended to his highness, (and by his polite behaviour added daily to his credit in that court) one day fairly put the question, and asked the duke if he had the philosopher's

pher's stone or not? "My friend," said the duke, "I have; and because I have a regard for you, I will give you the receipt in a few words:—I never bid another do that which I can do myself; I never put off till to-morrow what may be done to-day, nor do I think any matter so trivial as not to deserve notice." The Venetian thanked his serene highness for the secret; and, by observing his rules, acquired a great estate.

"Pardon me, madam," said Miss Wharton, "if I think you meant this little story for me, as you have frequently chid me for those faults mentioned in it; but in future I hope to shew you your advice is not disregarded, and that *I* also have found that philosopher's stone."

"To acknowledge our errors is one step toward correcting them," said Mrs. Corbet, "and I have no doubt of your future attention.— As we have not now, my dear

dear children, more than a quarter of an hour until supper, I must proportion my story to the time, and will therefore relate you the Florist and Bull-bull."

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THE

THE

FLORIST AND BULL-BULL*.

AN ORIENTAL FABLE.

A FLORIST particularly curious in roses, had in his garden a fine row of the bushes that bear that flower. On one of them grew a rose singularly beautiful, which captivated a Bull-bull: who fluttered round and made love to it. The inanimate rose making no return to his caresses, he at length grew enraged, tore it to pieces, and strewed the ground with its blushing leaves.

* A bird of song much valued in the East.

The

The Florist, incensed at this treatment of his favourite flower, in revenge spread a net, and took the Bull-bull captive; who, finding itself in the snare, thus expostulated with the Florist: "How can you use me so cruelly? Do not I chearfully repay you for the harbour that your garden affords me with the music of my song?" "What harm," replied the Florist, "had that rose done to you that you treated it so despitefully?" He released, however, his little prisoner: who, as soon as he had regained his freedom, shook his wings, and perched on the bough of a neighbouring tree, from whence he thus addressed the florist:—

"A good action should never go without it's reward;—dig at the foot of that orange tree, and you will find a treasure." He did so, and found one. Upon which he turned to the warbler, and thanking him, asked, "how he who had eyes so penetrating as to discover a treasure buried

ried in the earth, could avoid seeing a net over his head."

"Know, O man!" replied the Bull-bull, "that there is no escaping the hand of destiny:—what must be, must be."

SEVENTH

SEVENTH EVENING.

HAROUN ABRASCHID.

AN EASTERN TALE.

THERE was among the caliphs one more than all the rest renouned for the goodness of his temper; I need not say to those who are conversant in the eastern history, that his name was Haroun Abraschid. 'Twas his custom to walk unknown among his subjects, and hear from their own mouths their grievances: and their opinion of their rulers. He advanced and degraded according to these reports, and

perhaps sometimes to hastily, though always with an upright purpose; and used to say, he was the only sovereign who heard the thoughts of his people.

One morning, about sun-rise, as he was walking along the side of a river, he saw an old man and his grandson earnest in discourse. The boy, in wantonness, had taken a water-worm out of the flags, and, having thrown it on the ground, had lifted up his foot to crush it. The old man pulled him back, and just as the caliph came up, was speaking to him thus:— "Boy, do not take away that which is not in thy power to give. He who gave life to that insect, gave it also to thee: how darest thou then violate what he bestowed? Shew mercy, and thou wilt find mercy."

The caliph stopped, and hearing beggary and rags so eloquent, he stood astonished. "What is your name, and where is your habitation?" said he. The old man told him

him he was called Atelmoule, and pointed to his cottage.

In an hour a robe of state was sent to the cottage, officers attended, and Atelmoule was told he was appointed Vizier. They led him, full of wonder and confusion, to the caliph—he fell upon his face before the throne; and, without daring to look up, kissed the verge of the royal robe. "Rise Atelmoule," said the caliph, "you are next the throne: forget not your own lessons. Shew mercy, and you shall find it."

The man, filled with astonishment and surprize, beheld the person with whom he had spoken in the morning.

Mean time the sun was warm—the worm whose life the new vizier had saved, opened its shelly back, and gave birth to a fly, that buzzed about, and enjoyed his new-born wings with rapture; he settled on the mule that carried the vizier, and stung him;—the mule pranced, and threw his unaccus-

tomed rider;—the vizier hung by a part of his robe, and was killed by a stroke of the creatures heel.

The account was brought to the palace; and even those who had murmured at the sudden exaltation of the man, pitied that death he owed to his virtue: even providence was censured; so daring and so ignorant is man. But the caliph, superior to the rest in virtue, as in office, lifting up his hands to heaven, cried, "Blessed be thy sacrad name, O prophet!—I decreed transitory honours to Atelmoule, but thou hast snatched him to those that never fade—to Paradise."

"It was a naughty fly, however, madam," said Miss Wentworth, "that stung the beast, and made him kill so good a man." "The poor fly," replied Mrs. Corbett, "was, my love, but a weak instrument in the hands of our great Creator, perhaps to snatch the virtuous Atelmoule from

from impending danger; for who can answer, whether his morals would have remained untainted amidst the splendour and vice of courts; or might not envy at this unexpected preferment, have raised him enemies that would never have ceased pursuing him until covered with disgrace they had brought him to shame and death. I shall now relate to you "The Man of Spleen," a moral tale."

THE

MAN OF SPLEEN;

OR, THE

UNEXPECTED TRANSISION.

A MORAL TALE.

HAPPINESS is what all men wish for, what all men may, in one respect or other, attain, but what few—alas! a very few indeed—are found in reality to possess.—With every means to be happy within their grasp, we often find misery peculiarly triumphant in the bosoms of the rich and great; and though blessed beyond the multitude of their fellow creatures with what are generally termed blessings—health, wealth,

wealth, and an honourable name—they still seem to labour, as it were, to be wretched.

To this class of deplorable infatuation belonged the Hon. Sir Frederic Rutledge; the only surviving branch of an opulent and once numerous family in the county of Westmoreland; though from the rank he held in life the most respectable characters in the neighbourhood would have thought themselves honoured by his company, and his friendship; yet so little was the splenetic baronet inclined to cultivate a connexion with mankind in general, that he neither enjoyed, nor indeed seemed desirous to enjoy, any of the sweets that flow from the usual commerce of society.

If his fortune was great, his wants, however, were few. These, by leading a uniform life of rigid frugality and temperance, he had contracted within a narrow compass. He had no idea that his riches might be rendered subservient to his happiness; he

he was a stranger to every passion which might determine him by motives of pleasure; and he esteemed no engagement sufficiently binding to influence him by the calls of duty.

His condition became at length so irksome to him, that after a number of gloomy reflections, he began to entertain an impious doubt whether it might not be justifiable to relinquish a life from which, to all appearance, he could never reap any satisfaction; and he argued with himself on this principle merely, that an uncertain existence, like that which succeeds to death, is preferable to an existence in which the only things to be experienced as certain are, langour, disgust, and sorrow.

Already was he fixed as to the mode of destroying himself. In this perturbed state of mind, happening one day to take a solitary walk in the fields, he met a man whom fortune, in angry mood, had suddenly reduced

duced from a state of comfortable independence to a state of abject poverty; and who, no longer capable of earning a subsistence by his industry, was forced to rely upon the charity of the public. Observing the distress and melancholy which the baronet seemed to labour under, as he sauntered along absorbed in thought, he ventured, after respectfully accosting him, to enquire if he had ought to oppress him which it might lie in the narrow compass of his power to alleviate. Sir Frederic answered him with an angry frown, and in a tone which denoted him a rich, but a discontented man.

"Alas!" exclaimed the hapless victim of adversity to him, with a sigh—"alas! Sir, why do you not permit other people to partake of that wealth which to you appears so useless."

This reproach so forcibly, yet so respectfully uttered, gave birth to a thousand reflections in the bosom of Sir Frederic. For the

the first time in his life he found a pleasure in the idea that fortune had enabled him to soften the calamities of virtuous poverty; and that if he was not born to be happy himself, he was at least born to endeavour to render others so.

After a little more conversation together, he desired the poor man to accompany him to his house; where, immediately on their arrival, he desired him to mention what he thought was wanting to establish his felicity. The man, who was not a little struck with this behaviour in a person of Sir Frederic's character, plainly told him that he had no relish for those enjoyments which are only to be found in affluence; but that a little sum of money, which might once more put him in a situation to provide for his family, would suffice to gratify his utmost ambition.

The money was instantly produced, and put into his hands: nor had many weeks elapsed

elapsed before he made it appear, instead of misemploying his welcome present, he had with so much prudence improved it, that want and sorrow were banished from under his humble roof. Sir Frederic attentively marked the progress of his work; and alike impressed with the pleasure of having removed the distresses of an unfortunate family, and with the testimonies of gratitude which he continually received as the reward of his bounty, he became sensible, that an occupation so agreeable in itself, and so exalted in its tendency, had been productive of the most salutary consequences to himself.

Thus were his ideas by degrees expanded. He was at no loss to comprehend that the number of the unfortunate is not confined to those who openly ask for charity; and that if an actual beggar was capable of so much sensibility for services done to him, he might expect still more from many worthy

worthy persons, who, while they labour under the same distresses, are endowed with a superiour elevation of soul. His heart exalted at the thought: and from that moment it became his study to find out objects deserving of his attention from other principles than those of mere humanity.

Of these he discovered numbers; for this world is full of people who are unhappy, and who deserve a milder fate. To the favours he bestowed upon them, he added that affable and generous deportment which exempts a delicate mind from the confusion of beholding his misery rendered public, and even from that of knowing by whose bounty that misery had been assuaged.

In daily multiplying his good actions, which were often done in secret, and never made a merit of, consisted now the godlike merit of Sir Frederic; and far from having,

having, as formerly, any idle hours to fill up, he rather lamented that every day was too short, or fled away too fast. Many singular effects are related of this disposition for promoting the welfare of his fellow creatures, which so opportunely succeeded in the breast of Sir Frederic to the disgust of an irksome and useless life; and the following is, perhaps, none of the least striking anecdotes which have been handed about upon the occasion.

One evening, as he was walking homeward alone, after having passed the day as usual in exercising his generosity, he overheard two tradesmen in close conversation about their credit, and their circumstances. After frankly acknowledging to each other that their situation was desperate, they both expressed their sorrow that they were unknown to Sir Frederic Rutledge: whose beneficence began now to be publicly talked of.

"As for my part," said the one, "fifty guineas would enable me to discharge my debts, and restore me to that credit which, by misfortunes, added to the burthen of a numerous family, I have unhappily forfeited."

"Fifty guineas," exclaimed the other--alas! such a sum as that would be far from satisfying the demands of my creditors; and notwithstanding the many encomiums I have heard bestowed upon Sir Frederic's liberality, I could never expect him to lend me five hundred guineas: without which it is in vain for me to look for happiness."

Sir Frederic advanced, and spoke to them:—

"My friends," said he, "I have heard your conversation, and I grieve for your distresses. I know Sir Frederic Rutledge, of whom you seem to entertain so high an opinion; and perhaps it may lie in my power,

power, by interceding with him, to be of some service to you. But Sir Frederic has a thousand different matters to attend to; and I cannot promise that he will immediately undertake to oblige you. At the same time you ought not to consider him as the only gentleman in the neighbourhood who loves to extend his bounty to deserving objects. I am willing, my friends, to re-establish your circumstances myself; previous to which, however, I require on your parts two conditions: the one, that you will never attempt to discover who I am—and the other, that you will bring me to-morrow, at this hour, and to this place, a certificate from the minister of your parish, bearing testimony to the integrity of your respective characters."

The honest tradesmen knew not what to make of this speech. At first they considered it merely as a banter, or rather, (to adopt the more modern expression), as a

humbug; but, after more mature deliberation, they determined to try the issue of the adventure.

The next day they accordingly repaired, at the appointed hour, to the appointed place of rendezvous. Sir Frederic, as if eager to anticipate his promise, was there before them, with cash and notes to the amount of five hundred and fifty guineas. —Let us not attempt to describe the joy of the two tradesmen—it was exquisite—it was boundless.—They produced the testimonial which had been required of them; and the generous baronet with pleasure received it as the only security for his money; for, in order to prevent a discovery, he instantly withdrew.

Whether it was his intention that this sum should be a present, or a simple loan, it was impossible for them to determine. But the two worthy men, who, in receiving it, never imagined that it could be

betowed

bestowed upon them as a gift, and who had meant to give him their notes for it, were astonished to find their benefactor so suddenly disappear. Impressed with the most exalted sentiments of veneration and gratitude for the stranger who had thus nobly and unexpectedly rescued them from want, and its consequent attendants, despair and misery; they instantly formed a resolution equally laudable, equally extraordinary, as the conduct of Sir Frederick himself.

On the very morning of the day following, they caused a printed notice to be fixed up, in the market-place of the town they lived in, of all the circumstances attending their adventure, with a declaration, by which they entered into an engagement, in the face of the public, to restore, at certain periods, the sum which they acknowledged they had received. In order to remove every appearance of doubt, they farther engaged to deposit it in the hands of a ma-

gistrate, with an authority for him to deliver it to the person who should produce the indentical cerificates which they had given to the generous stranger.

A conduct so noble could not but attract universal admiration. This was not a little encreased the next day, when another printed notice appeared, with the declaration on the part of the benefactor. He protested, that overjoyed at the thoughts of having so happily employed his bounty, he required no other return for it than the sensibility of two hearts, which seemed to him to have displayed such exalted proofs of gratitude; and taking the public to witness that he relinquished to his two worthy friends all property in the sum he had given to them; he added, that, in order to deprive him of the smallest title, ever to claim it again, he had already forwarded the certificates alluded to, to the magistrate.

It was not till a considerable time after, that

that the author of this noble action was discovered; and perhaps, by the obscurity in which, from motives of delicacy, he had involved it, it never would have been known that Sir Frederic Rutledge was the man, if his steward had not helped to reveal it, by casually acknowledging, one day, that, at the precise period of the event, he had furnished the Baronet with sums to the exact amount of what the two honest, though industrious tradesmen had so seasonably received.

"Think my dear children, of the necessity you are under of contributing as much as in you lies, to the relief of virtuous poverty! Imitate Sir Frederic, and like him you will never go abroad, but to do good, nor return home but to be happy.

The time of our separation draws nigh, yet I believe I can extend it a little, to read to you a very pretty Eastern fable called Zaphna."

ZAPHNA.

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ZAPHNA.

ZAPHNA.

AN EASTERN FABLE.

ZAPHNA was the son of Abnor: the blossom of his strength: the first fruit of his love to Rishama. The heavens smiled on the moment of his birth—his statue was as the cedar on mount Libanus—his beauty as the blush of the morning—his strength surpassed the sons of men—and his mind was formed to receive knowledge.

The fire of youth inflamed the pride of his heart—he lived as he listed; and knew no law beside his will. Pleasure courted his enjoyment; and glory waited on his steps. He saw beauty, and it melted in his embrace—the wings of his speed outflew the fears of the hind—the lion shrunk under

under his hand; and the lioness fled affrighted from her whelps before him. Danger faded in his frown—he heard the noise of the battle with a smile; and the number of his foes increased his glory. He was sated with pleasure—he found that fame was but an empty sound.

The sun had climbed the heavens; and the brightness of his beams burned fiercely. Zaphna laid him down, on the verge of a fountain, to consider what he should enjoy next. Cooler thought opened new pursuits: knowledge looked tempting to his mind; and prudence inclined his heart to wealth. He turned over the writings of the sages: he considered the sayings of the wise. He found that all was vanity—he desisted from the fruitless search.

Riches promised more solid enjoyment: he traversed the parched desart—the raging of the sea stopped not his course his—wealth knew no bounds—his horses and his camels

mels were without number: his flocks and his herds, as the sands on the shore: and the sea groaned beneath the ships of his merchandize. Unhappiness came with riches: he lost the quiet of his mind—care filled his pillar with thorns—and sleep fled from his eyelids. The whistling of the winds terrified him—the robber in the night, broke his rest—the noise of a falling leaf made him start.

He climbed an high mountain—he built him a strong castle—and laughing in his heart, said to himself, "here shall I be safe." But fear followed him, and unhappiness broke into his fortress. He was amazed—he communed with his heart, and said, "whence can this be?"

His eyes were opened—the errors of his life were displayed before him. He humbled himself before heaven—he determined to alter his ways. Reason came at his call, and shewed him the path that leads to happiness.

piness. He descended fromthe mountain—he shared his wealth with his friends—his flocks and his herds became a blessing to the poor. Peace returned to his heart, and happiness smiled upon him.

The sun was gone behind the hills—the breath of the evening refreshed him, after the fatigues of the day—he sat down among his friends, in the shade of his own vine—he recounted the accidents and labour of his life—he compared things past with the present—he shewed what is to be, by what has been—experience opened his mouth; and benevolence tuned his voice. Wisdom and safety flowed from his lips; and pleasure accompanied his sayings. The aged heard him with delight—the instruction of his words was written on the hearts of the young. The measure of his happiness was full—the name of Zaphna is a sweet odour ascending to heaven.

EIGHTH EVENING.

THE

HAPPINESS

OF

A VIRTUOUS LIFE.

A TALE.

IN a lovely valley, between the chalky cliffs of Chaldee, watered by a perennial stream from the ancient Euphrates, Barcas, descended from the patriarchs of old, had pitched his tents. A towering oak, venerable with age, the shadow of whose spreading branches offered a cooling retreat from

from the noontide rays, stood before them; and behind them a lofty grove of citrons and pomegranates, delighted the eye of the traveller, and gave its spicy odours to the fluttering breeze. His doors were always open to the stranger and the fatherless; the indigent found him a generous benefactor, and the oppressed a powerful protector. He delighted to remove the chilling hand of poverty from the unfortunate, and to pour the balm of comfort into the breast of the friendless. Filled with the generous principles of virtue and beneficence, he was not contented with enjoying happiness himself, but desirous of extending it to all the human race.

He always pitched his tents within sight of some principal road, that the weary traveller might find refreshment, and rest securely after the toils of the day

Among the rest that visited the hospitable tents of Barcas, was Selim, Prince of

Arden, who had been driven from his country by the Sophi of Persia. His countenance was clouded with cares and disappointments; and his attention wholly employed in meditating on his misfortunes.

Barcas received the unfortunate stranger with that cordial affection which had endeared him to all the inhabitants of the neighbouring countries. He treated him in the most hospitable manner, and endeavoured by a chearful and engaging conversation, to banish that melancholy which preyed upon his mind; but finding all his endeavours fruitless, he thus addressed the Prince of Arden.

"Some misfortune, heavier than those common to the sons of men, has doubtless fallen upon thee, and thy spirits are unable to support the ponderous weight; but tell me, thou that hast drank deep of the cup of affliction, is it impossible to remove the cause of thy grief, or to mitigate thy sorrow?

row? Is the dart of affliction pierced so far into thy breast that it cannot be drawn, and is the wound too deep to admit of a cure? Remember that the path of life lies along the margin of the river of adversity, and every human being is obliged to drink often of its bitter stream. But let not the misfortunes common to all the children of men discourage us, nor deprive us of those innocent pleasures which the bountiful Father of the Universe hath scattered around us with a liberal hand."

"Thy reasonings, Barcas," replied the stranger, "are doubtless just; but misfortunes like mine are too many to be removed, and too heavy to be supported: thou canst not be a stranger to the melancholy fate of Selim, Prince of Arden. He lately flourished like a tall cedar on the mountains, and was eminently distinguished among the princes of the earth. The oppressed of different nations implored his

protection, and at his command the proud tyrants of the neighbouring countries laid the rod of oppression aside. But the haughty Persian prevailed against him, and laid all his honours in the dust. His populous cities are destroyed, and deluged with the blood of their inhabitants—his fruitful fields are turned into a desart—and his wives and children captives in the house of an imperious master. O Barcas! can misfortunes like these be supported with patience, or lessened by the generous aid of friendship? —I well know, that if thy wisdom can point out a remedy for my grief, thy sincere desire of being serviceable to all the sons and daughters of affliction, will not suffer thee to conceal it."

"Selim," replied the shepherd of Chaldee, "thy misfortunes are certainly grievous, and heavy to be borne; but let not thy hours be spent in fruitless complainings, nor dare to pry into the arcana of heaven. Call

Call not the afflictive turns of life evil, till thou art able to comprehend the intention for which they were sent; and the good which for ought thou knowest, may arise from them. View thyself with care and sincerity, and take a true list of all thy vices; remember the Allwise Being is better acquainted with thy frame, and considers thou art but a child of dust.—Blame not the Governor of the Universe, because thou can'st not search the profundity of his measures, nor find out the depth of his judgments; consider thy sight at present is very imperfect, and confined within very narrow bounds.—But, thou shalt soon put off the veil of mortality, and thou shalt then be capable of surveying things which are now invisible.—The clouds of misfortune and vapours of affliction shall be then dispersed—the billows of grief which now rage, shall sink into a calm.---Then shall the system of Providence be revealed, and

the ways of heaven made known to the children of men. Learn therefore, Selim, to govern the unruly passions of thy repining soul, and reign emperor over thyself. Remember that the things thou hast lost, were only lent thee by that being who formed the universe, and who hath not wrested them from thee by a tyrant's arm; but for what purpose is impossible to be known, nor should wretched mortals dare to enquire. Submit thyself therefore to his pleasure, and bear thy misfortunes with constancy and resignation."

These reflections revived the heart of Selim, and his countenance became tranquil and serene. He thanked the generous Barcas for friendly advice, and departed from his hospitable tents in peace,

AN
ORIENTAL FABLE.

FROM THE FRENCH.

AS Omar, the hoary and the wise, was sitting at the door of his cell, he looked toward the desart, and saw a cloud of dust that ascended from earth to heaven; the caravan was returning from Cairo with merchandize and treasure. He heard a confused murmur of many sounds, and at length the camels and multitude appeared. When they came up, Omar beckoned with his hand, and cried out, "Hear me, ye sons of traffic--ye labourers for anxiety and gain.---Gold is bright as the morning, but fatal

fatal as the storm at midnight—beware of the fatal approach of the serpent—beware of the beauty of women--but chiefly beware of the power of gold ; it is produced among poisons in the bowels of the earth, and its fruits are calamity and guilt." The caravans stopped, for every one reverenced the virtue and wisdom of Omar. "I will tell you," said Omar, "the adventures of Sadir, Haran, and Zimur.—Sadir, Haran, and Zimur, were friends : they were amiable, they were young, and their feet had not yet deviated from the path of virtue : they set out together on a journey, and as they were travelling along the plains of Indostan, it happened they found a treasure : this was at once the test of virtue and friendship.

Every heart throbbed, and every breast was opened to permitted pleasure ; to divide it would have been an outrage on the delicacy and confidence of their amity. "Let the bounty of heaven," said they, "be

"be the common blessing of us all---mutually to share it without division will at once gratify and increase our confidence and love."

As they had now the means of enjoyment, they determined to enjoy. They travelled by shorter stages, and they procured every accommodation that wealth could buy. When they reached the next town, Zimur was deputed by Sadar and Haran to procure them provisions; an office that suited his taste, his knowledge, and his activity. As soon as he was gone, Sadir and Haran fixed their eyes upon the treasure, and sat some time silent; at length they stole a glance at each other; each was conscious to his own wish, and thought he saw it reflected from the countenance of his friend. They began a conversation, in which this wish was mutually disclosed by almost imperceptible degrees. "If we should secure this gold, and depart,

part," said Sadir, "whom could Zimur blame but his own indiscretion?—would it not make two more happy than three?—shall we not gain at least what he will lose;—and can we deserve an opportunity we neglect to improve?"—"The wise only" replied Haran, "are appointed to prosperity; Zimur has no right to share the treasure with us; and we shall only fulfil an unchangeable decree if we keep the whole to ourselves."—"It is true," answered Sadir, "but if he should again find us, he may question the determination, and claim his part."

"This," said Haran, "must be prevented; the dead are silent, and cease from troubling." Such was the wish that gold excited in the hearts of Sadir and Haran; and such was the crime by which it was accomplished. Zimur returned in the evening, weary with labour, and pleased with the anticipation of refreshment and rest.

His

His associates seized him at a disadvantage, extended him upon the earth, and strangled him with the band of his turban.

When he was dead, they sat down to the repast he had provided for them; but in a few minutes the hand of death was upon them—they became pale—they shuddered—a cold sweat covered their limbs, and they gazed at each other without power to speak. In this speechless agony of despair and horror, the struggle of nature for life was short, and both sunk down together, were convulsed—groaned—and expired.

"Was this the work of a divine avenger? did the Almighty punish by controuling nature, and was justice miraculous that guilt might tremble! Is not nature the handmaid of the Almighty?—and is not wickedness the rod of his displeasure?—Zimur had poisoned the food he purchased, that he might himself secure the treasure, and

and fulfil the same purpose upon his companions, that his companions fulfilled upon him. The treasure then is without a master, to whom shall it belong; let not your hearts desire it in secret, least the crimes at which you now tremble, ye be tempted to commit.—With that bounty which the hand of nature scatters, be content; and to the Lord of Nature, be thankful."

Mrs. Corbett, having taken a short time for recollection, proceeded to relate to her young pupils, the following Allegorical Eastern Story.

AN

ALLEGORICAL

EASTERN STORY.

KING Raja Sestraorsom going to make a visit to a Brahman, saluted him thus: "The fame of thy piety hath induced me and my retinue to come and sup and take a night's lodging with thee." The Brahman Siamdichemi, (for that was his name) being much concerned how to provide for so many thousand persons, at last considered of the white cow, called Camdoga, which belonging to Rajah Inder, king of the blessed souls, furnished those, who have her in their possession, with every thing

they wish for. Having therefore desired Inder to send him the said cow of plenty, he granted his request. The cow being sent, the Brahman desired Raja and his attendants to sit down to supper; which was served with such variety and plenty, that Raja, who came upon no other account than to ridicule the Brahman's poverty, stood amazed thereat; and farther to try his ability, asked him to present him with some jewels; which the Brahman having presented him with, (much beyond what could be expected) Raja asked him for some money and cloaths for his people; which being likewise brought him, he resolved also to stay the next day—and being served at table with the same plenty as before, he staid also the third day—when meeting with the same entertainment, he was amazed to find from whence all this plenty of provisions, clothes, and riches could come, in a place where he expected

so little; especially since he observed that all was brought out of the Brahman's hut, which was not big enough to hold half the quantity. This made him order some of his spies to take particular notice whether there was not a vault in the ground, from whence all those things were brought. The spies, watching all opportunities to satisfy their master's curiosity, found at last that a slender white cow did bring forth all these things, which she threw out of her stomach; whereof immediate notice was given to Raja. The next morning as he was taking leave of the Brahman, being asked by him, whether he was desirous of any thing else; he told him, that he wanted nothing more than the white cow he had seen in his hut. The Brahman replied, that being not his own, she was not at his disposal.

"How!" said Raja, "will you deny me so small a request, after you have heaped

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"How!" said Raja, "will you deny me so small a request, after you have heaped

so many obligations on me before!" "What, I did" said the Brahman, "was in my own power, but this is not." Raja replied, "it is in my power to take her against your will." And then calling some of his followers, he commanded them to fetch the white cow out of the hut. The Brahman seeing his beloved cow thus snatched from him, told her at parting; dear Camdogo, must I thus leave you!---how can I answer this to Raja Inder, thy master?--Revenge thyself at once both of thine and mine enemies. The cow, Camdoga, no sooner heard those words, but assuming a shape three times bigger than her own, she laid about her with her horns to that degree, that she killed and trod under foot several of Raja Sestraorsom's people; which done, she flew like lightening up into the air, to her own master."

"This story, in the literal meaning of it, is a senseless account of some pagan idolatary

idolatry among the East Indians; but taken in an allegorical sense, is full of fine morals, and capable of many instructive applications. Let us suppose trade meant by this cow of plenty, and then see what a variety of pretty ideas and notions offer themselves at once to our imagination: by the miserable wretched hut of the Brahman, may be understood any poor barren country, which by trade is immediately rendered opulent and abounding in all things—plenty of provisions, sumptuous apparel, gold, diamonds, and whatever else the earth produces, either for the necessities and conveniencies, or even luxury of life, is brought home to our own doors."

"Again, my dear pupils, by the character of this good Brahman, we are to understand that piety, temperance, and frugality, are necessary virtues to be practised by the people of any country, were trade flourishes; for we find it bestowed

by the king of the blessed souls as a reward for his piety and virtue."

"That trade cannot be forced, or driven out of its proper channel, but must have its natural course, we find typified to us by the Brahman himself, not having this cow in his own disposal;---and the king's being unable to obtain her, explains to us the inconsistency of trade with arbitrary power;--and that liberty and property must be secure, where trade is established and maintained.—We see farther, that trade cannot even exist where fraud, violence, oppression, or injustice reigns; for when the king and his followers attempted by force to seize her, she assumes another shape, destroys those who endeavour to meddle with her, and flies away from them like lightening." Many other useful allegories might be pointed out in this short story, that spies and sycophants always surround kings; and make it their business at any

any rate to satisfy their master's curiosity, or evil inclinations; but as it grows late, I must hasten to relate to you, a Tale I have in reserve for the conclusion of this evening's entertainment —— called the Friends.

THE

THE FRIENDS.

A TALE.

WHEN Damon was sentenced by Dionysius of Syracuse, to die on such a day; he prayed permission in the interim, to retire to his own country, to set the affairs of his disconsolate family in order. This the tyrant intended most peremptorily to refuse, by granting it, as he conceived, on the impossible conditions of his procuring some one to remain, as hostage for his return, under equal forfeiture of life. Pythias heard the conditions, and did not wait for an application on the part of

of Damon; he instantly offered himself to durance in the place of his friend, and Damon was accordingly set at liberty.

The king and all his courtiers were astonished at this action, as they could not account for it on any allowed principles.

Self intrest in their judgment, was the sole mover of human affairs; and they looked on virtue, friendship, benevolence, love of country and the like, as terms invented by the wise to impose upon the weak. They therefore, imputed this act of Pythias in his dungeon, to the extravagance of his folly—to the defect of head, merely—and no way to any virtue or good quality of heart.

When the day of the destined execution drew near, the tyrant had the curiosity to visit Pythias in his dungeon. Having reproached him for the romantic stupidity of his conduct, and rallied him some time for his madness, in presuming that Damon, by

by his return, would prove as great a fool as himself; "my lord, said Pythias, with a firm voice and noble aspect," I would it were possible that I might suffer a thousand deaths, rather than my friend should fail in any article of his honour. He cannot fail therein my lord, I am as confident of his virtue, as I am of my own existence. But I pray, I beseech the Gods to preserve the life and integrity of my Damon together. Oppose him, ye winds! prevent the eagerness of his honourable endeavours! and suffer him not to arrive till, by my death, I have redeemed a life, a thousand times of more consequence—more estimation than my own—more estimable to his lovely wife—to his precious little innocents—to his friends—to his country. O leave me not to die the worst of deaths in my Damon.

Dionysius was confounded and awed by the dignity of these sentiments, and by the

the manner (still more sentimental) in which they were uttered; he felt his heart struck by a slight sense of invading truth; but it served rather to perplex than to undeceive him. He hesitated—he would have spoken—but he looked down and retired in silence.

The fatal day arrived. Pythias was brought forth, and walked amidst the guard, with a serious but satisfied air, to the place of execution.

Dionysius was already there. He was exalted on a moving throne that was drawn by six white horses, and sat pensive and attentive to the demeanor of the prisoner. Pythias came.—He vaulted lightly on the scaffold; and beholding for some time the apparatus for his death, he turned with a pleased countenance and addressed the assembly.

"My prayers are heard," he cried, "the Gods are propitious! You know my

my friends, that the winds have been contrary till yesterday. Damon could not come—he could not conquer impossibilities; he will be here to-morrow, and the blood which is shed to day shall have ransomed the life of my friend. O, could I erase from your bosoms every doubt, every mean suspicion of the honour of the man for whom I am about to suffer, I should go to my death even as I would to my bridal. Be it sufficient in the mean time, that my friend will be found noble—that his truth is unimpeachable—that he will speedily approve it—that he is now on his way, hurrying on, accusing himself, the adverse elements, and the Gods. But I haste to prevent his speed—executioner to your office."

As he pronounced the last words, a buzz began to arise among the remotest of the people. A distant voice was heard—the croud caught the words—and, stop, stop the

the execution!" was repeated by the whole assembly.

A man came at full speed—the throng gave way to his approach. He was mounted on a steed of foam. In an instant he was off his horse—on the scaffold—and held Pythias straitly embraced.

"You are safe," he cried, "you are safe, my friend, my beloved; the gods be praised, you are safe! I now have nothing but death to suffer, and I am delivered from the anguish of those reproaches which I gave myself for having endangered a life so much dearer than my own."

Pale, cold, and half speechless in the arms of his Damon, Pythias replied in broken accents: "Fatal haste!—cruel impatience!—what envious powers have wrought impossibilities in your favour?—But I will not be wholly disappointed—since I cannot die to save, I will not survive you."

Dionysius heard, beheld, and considered all with astonishment:—his heart was touched—his eyes were opened—and he could no longer refuse his assent to truths so incontestibly approved by their facts.

He descended from his throne—he ascended the scaffold.—"Live, live! ye incomparable pair!" he exclaimed—"You have borne unquestionable testimony to the existence of virtue; and that virtue equally evinces the certainty of the existence of a God to reward it.—Live happy, live renowned! and, O, form me by your precepts, as ye have invited me by your example, to be worthy of the participation of so sacred a friendship."

"From this you may learn the value of real Friendship, which could not only make Pythias willing to die for Damon, but also vanquish the unfeeling temper of the tyrant of Syracuse.—To-morrow, my Loves, we will renew those amusements—for the present good night."

NINTH EVENING.

REVENGE.

AN APOLOGUE.

THE favorite of a sultan threw a stone at a poor dervise who had requested an alms. The insulted Santan dared not to complain, but carefully searched for and preserved the pebble, promising himself he should find an opportunity sooner or later to throw it in his turn, at this imperious and pitiless wretch. Some time after he was told the favorite was disgraced, and by order of the Sultan led through the streets on a camel, exposed to the insults of the

populace. On hearing this the dervise ran to fetch his pebble; but, after a moment's reflection, cast it into a well. I now perceive, said he, that we ought never to seek revenge when our enemy is powerful, for then it is imprudent; nor when he is involved in calamity—for then it is mean and cruel."

The excellent moral contained in this short Apologue, my dear children, said Mrs. Corbest, renders it unnecessary for me to expatiate further on it; I will therefore continue my, or rather your amusement, by giving you an instance of gratitude in a poor Indian, which would confer credit on the most enlightened European.

GRATITUDE.

GRATITUDE.

GRATITUDE is a passion so firmly implanted in the human breast, by the great Author of Nature, that all the human race, from the prince that sways the sceptre over a free and civilized people, to the meanest inhabitant of the solitary desart, feel its power, and are ambitious of cherishing its godlike dictates.

Many years past, one of the New England hunters discovered an Indian in the woods, almost perished with hunger. He had, it seems, fallen from a precipice, and dislocated his ancle, which had rendered him incapable either of returning, or providing himself with sustenance in these extensive forests. The American, moved

with the deplorable sight of seeing a fellow mortal reduced to such extremity, afforded him all the relief in his power: he gave him such provisions as he had collected for himself, and with the greatest labour and fatigue conveyed him to his hut, which was above sixty miles distant from the place where the generous American found him. The savage expressed the strongest sense of gratitude to his deliverer; and at parting, told him, that if ever he should be so unfortunate as to see him in distress, he would spill the last drop of his blood to relieve him, or alleviate his sufferings.

In the beginning of the year seventeen hundred and fifty-eight, the generous American had the misfortune to be taken, with several others, by a party of Indians; and used with all the shocking barbarity these savage invaders so often exercised on the innocent inhabitants. At last, spent with fatigue, and the inhuman treatment he

he had met with, he was unable to follow his unrelenting masters to their village; he sunk under the weight of their savage cruelty, and expected every moment the friendly stroke that would put at once a period both to his life and sufferings.

The Indians now gathered round him, and were just going to exercise on him their inhuman tortures, when a company of their countrymen joined them, in their return from hunting, among which was the Indian whose life he had some years before so fortunately preserved. He viewed the unfortunate stranger with great attention, and soon perceived him to be no other than his former deliverer. Almost distracted at seeing his benefactor in such distress, he flew to his assistance, raised his head from the earth, and used every method in his power to revive him, and fill his breast with the hopes of life and liberty.

His

His countrymen were amazed at his conduct; and one, more savage than the rest, endeavoured to separate him from the prisoner, and execute on him their brutal tortures. But the faithful Indian opposed his insulting countrymen, and related the obligation he was under of saving the prisoner from their fury; and supporting the life of a person to whom he was indebted for his own. "If you persist," said he to his countrymen "in your design of destroying the prisoner, you must open a passage through my breast to strike the blow—He generously assisted me when hunger had almost deprived me of life; and I will now rescue him, or perish in the attempt."

The Indians applauded his conduct, and permitted him to dispose of the prisoner as he pleased. Having thus obtained the liberty of his deliverer, he conveyed him to his cabin, and by the most assiduous care and attention, recovered his health and strength.

strength; and then conducted him through the forests to his habitation.

"This instance of gratitude may serve to convince us, that the Indians, if properly instructed, might be rendered useful members of society; and perhaps many of their vices are owing to the pernicious examples of our own countrymen; who, instead of instilling into them the principles of virtue and religion, have debauched their morals, and taught them deceit instead of probity; and drunkenness instead of abstinence."

FATIMA.

FATIMA.

As Fatima was musing one day in her chamber, she perceived a fly entangled in the spider's web: the struggles it made to get loose, awoke her pity; and the exultation with which it soared about in the air, when she had delivered it from the danger, shewed its sense of the blessings of liberty. This thought awoke repinings in the mind of Fatima, that made all the splendour and pleasures that surrounded her tasteless. She retired into the garden to indulge her restless meditations, till wearied with wandering, she laid her down under the shade of a tree; she had not enjoyed the refreshment of slumber long, before she was awoke by a poignant sting from a fly,

a fly, upon her lip: she started, and looking round to be avenged of the disturber, saw a monstrous serpent creeping toward the place where she had been asleep. This sight made her forget the pain, that awoke her: she fled the place directly; and stopping, as soon as she thought herself safe from danger, to return thanks to heaven for her escape, she saw a fly, hovering, and playing about her, with all the signs of pleasure it could give; which she knew to be the same she had delivered, by its soaring off into the air, in the same exulting flights as before.

Fatima acknowledged the benefit, and from that time never missed an opportunity of shewing kindness to every creature she met; convinced it was in the power of those, which appeared the most contemptible, to make a grateful return of the obligation.

ZEMROUDE.

ZEMROUDE.

ZEMROUDE was the daughter of the caliph Haroun Abraschide, by his best beloved Sultanna, Zelide. The beauties of her form equalled the splendour of her birth; but her mind was not answerable to either; pride sullied her charms, and cruelty made her power terrible to all who approached her. Her father was alarmed at such an abuse of his favour, and restrained her hand, till reason should amend her heart. But his pious intentions were frustrated, by the malice of her evil genius, who turned all her rage upon the defenceless, innocent creatures, whose unhappy destiny subjected them to her power.

Her every step, crushed out the lives of the

the most harmless insects of the earth—the most beauteous insects of the morning, she transfixed with her bodkin; and smiled with savage pleasure at their helpless writhings—her favorite monkey she starved to death—and burned out the eyes of her humming birds, with an heated needle.

Such a disposition provoked the wrath of heaven: the angel of death was sent to put an end to her cruelty, in a manner, that should make her sensible of its effects. Like the lion in the desert, she was walking alone in the garden of her palace, in the cool of the evening, when spying an ant, carrying its eggs to a place of safety, she ran to trample it to death; and pleased with the thought of killing it, in this act of paternal care, stamped her foot, with double fury, upon it: this eagerness hastened the punishment of her crimes.

The ground upon which she stood, was hollow, and filled with the nests of every

noxious insect, that infects the fields. The force, with which Zemroude stamped upon the ant, broke through the vaulted roof of this receptacle; and she sunk instantly among them. Such an invasion alarmed all their rage: they rushed in millions on the common foe, and stung her in every part, with the most enraged venom. She shrieked—she called for help, but in vain; her voice was heard, but none hasted to approach her: delighted with the exclamations of her anguish. Thus perished the wretched Zemroude, in the very commission of her crimes; a striking instance of the wrath, with which heaven pursues cruelty against its meanest creatures; the beauty which enflamed her pride being effaced, and her body swoln into a shapeless mass, loathsome to the meanest slave, before death put an end to her tortures.

"I shall only add, that as the highest compliment

compliment ever paid to human nature in general, is the calling the most amiable of the virtues, humanity, from it; so it must reflect no small honour, on the female sex, to have this lovely instance of that virtue attributed, in a particular manner to woman."

Such was the evening entertainment of nine days: Mrs. Corbett's inculcating knowledge, and instruction, in the facinating dress of amusement.

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